

# THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR OCTOBER, 1830.

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- Art. I. 1. *Unitarianism no feeble and conceited Heresy*; demonstrated in two Letters to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. By William Hamilton Drummond, D.D. 8vo. 1830.
2. *Report of the Proceedings of a Meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association*, held in Cross Street Chapel, Manchester, and of the Speeches delivered after Dinner, in the Town Hall, Salford, on Thursday, June 17, 1830. 8vo. 1830.
3. *The Perpetuity of the Christian Dispensation, viewed in its Connection with the Progress of Society*. A Sermon preached before the Supporters of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, at their Annual Meeting, June 2, 1830. By John James Tayler, A.B. 8vo. 1830.
4. *The Monthly Repository and Review*. Nos. 34, 35, 36, 37.
5. *The Manchester Socinian Controversy*; with Introductory Remarks and an Appendix. 8vo. London, 1825.

WE were once so fortunate on a fine Midsummer's evening, while strolling meditatively beside that rapid and turbid Nilus—the river of Time, to find a boat (no doubt a *steam boat*) upward bound. We seized the rare occasion, heedless of consequences, and not knowing whether we should ever be heard of again by our contemporaries. Brunting the tumultuous current, and audaciously looking all the world in the face, we dashed on; nor had inquired whether we should be put ashore on the nearer or the further side of the 'building of Rome',—the 'building of Babylon',—or 'the Deluge.' Just as hundreds rush to seaward at Tower stairs, little caring whether they are to be landed at Gravesend, Margate, or Ostend.

Happily for the safety of the homeward voyage, we were carried no further than into the midst of 'the dark ages.' At this

point, or 'reach', as we should term it, the passage became obstructed by mud-banks of the most perilous sort, being a deposit of the feculence of many ages. At the same time, a fog almost as dense and stupifying as those generated by the Thames, hung over the waters; in such sort that the master of the vessel announced his determination (notwithstanding the vociferations of a party of northern antiquaries who, to settle an important controversy, had paid their fare as far as to the age of the 'Picts') not to venture a century higher. Nevertheless, to assuage in some degree the disappointment of the passengers, he consented to wait a tide or two at anchor, while such as were so inclined should make an excursion upon the neighbouring lands.

Most of the company (and we of the number) accepted the offer, and leaped ashore. We struck into the woods;—for the whole country on both sides the river was covered with unbroken forests;—and had advanced not far, before the very sound we had been listening for broke upon the silence of midnight; we mean the tinkling of a monastery bell, waking the brotherhood to prayers: sound of sadness, calling wasted men from comfortless couches, to the comfortless chapel; there to mock Heaven by uttering, for the ten-thousandth time, the hitherto unheeded prayer for the grace of a heart dead to earthly desires! We followed the sound. Yet, unwilling either to disturb the holy folks at their devotions, or to be caught and immured as heretics, (woe to Eclectic Reviewers had they fallen into the hands of Dominicans!) we crept through the thickets, up to the window of the chapel; and breathless with haste and curiosity, peeped in upon the solemn pomps;—the which we must take another opportunity to describe. Suffice it now to say, that, among the venerable men, we were struck with the appearance of a monk, from whose saddened visage an intelligence shone out which marked him as one of a million. The character of his abstraction was ratiocinative, rather than devout; and while his lips were agoing in prayer, we could fancy that he was pursuing some clew of natural causation.

Prayers ended, we made our way, scaling a wall, into the garden upon which the windows of the cloisters opened; resolving to seek again the same extraordinary man. We found him, after peeping into half a dozen of the cells. He had resumed his seat, and was preparing to pursue his studies. How were we electrified on recognizing features which we remembered to have seen framed in flowers of purple and silver within the Uncial of a *Codex* in our own collection of rare monkish MSS.! The man before us was no other than the celebrated and universally erudite Albertus Magnus! None other than the honoured master of the still more celebrated 'Angelical



Doctor!' A man ignorant of nothing that mortals may know; learned in some matters of which *a monk* should have understood little; in a word, too knowing both for his profession and for his times, and consequently molested, through life, by the imputation of entertaining diabolical friendships: '*Quod autem de necromantia accusatur, injuriam patitur, vir Deo dilectus!*'

The accomplished Dominican, impatient of the inanities of the chapel, doffed his rochet and cowl; and while an air of resentful scorn still lingered on his features, returned to his loved employments. At his right hand, in a recess, stood what seemed five bulky tomes splendidly lettered B. CYRIL. ALEX. OPERA. but which proved to be nothing better than a false wooden face, serving as a blind to conceal a chemical apparatus, with various bottles, dried specimens, and monstrous rarities. We were at first somewhat scandalized by this detection of the learned Monk's disingenuousness; but quickly remembered the necessities of the age into which we had intruded; and reflected, that when the Sisters ignorance and despotism are dominant, the Sisters virtue and intelligence are fain to court the protection of hypocrisy.

The calumniated Dominican, having removed the gilded lie which we have mentioned from the front of his closet, was taking his alembic in hand, to carry on his interrupted experiments; when, as if suddenly seized by a fit of discouragement, he fell back into his chair, and began to bewail the infelicity of his lot after the following sort: 'Luckless Albert! born a thousand years too late, or a thousand years too soon! Why toil thus to explore the secrets of nature—the work of God, only to earn the disgrace of holding friendship with the devil? Who and what are thy contemporaries? Either the mere victims of a sottish ignorance, or at once its victims and interested patrons! Where, unless it were in the midst of a wilderness, may reason safely utter her voice? Mankind is leagued against light, and counts every son of knowledge a deadly foe. Demonstration is condemned as the foulest of heresies! The laws of nature are blasphemy! And to set forth the wisdom of the Creator, is to preach the doctrine of fiends! And the people hug the tyranny that holds them down. They love their thralldom, and are prompt to rend limb from limb the man who would disabuse their understandings! Luckless Albert! born too soon or too late, hide thyself in the grave; or hasten to join the multitude in paying homage to the Sovereign Folly that sits on high, mistress of the nations!'

Already the dawn was breaking, and we (terrified at the thought of possibly being left ashore in the awkward and anomalous character of runaways from our own times, and of being

perhaps roasted for the edification of the holy fraternity) hastened from the spot, and made our way with the utmost celerity to the river's side. The boat was still at its moorings. The master had employed his hands during the night in cutting fuel for his engine: a needless labour, by the by, for we noticed an enormous pile of faggots in the court-yard of the monastery. We went below to our berths, and, fatigued by our night's adventures, slept soundly during the rapid descent of the steamer towards the nineteenth century.

We were awakened by the din of a thousand familiar sounds, and gladly took breakfast on shore, in the midst of our native epoch. It was Sunday morning, and, in compliance with wholesome usages, we directed our steps towards a place of worship. We entered the first that presented itself. The sombre-visaged structure seemed to ally itself to the glooms of the scenery from which we had just returned. Nor did the interior (like the spacious book-front of Albertus) belie the face of the edifice. Awful galleries protruded their descending and portentous bulk far upon the central space; as if the edifice had been constructed for the purpose of convening under the same roof terrestrials and cœlicoles, who, though interested in the same ceremonials, might by no means be suffered to catch glimpses of each other! The lower area was penfolded by pews not less secretive, and, to our minds, seemed intended to typify that felicitous sectarianism of the Christian community, which has so long made the Church universal (to take a bird's eye view of it) look more like a Penitentiary of classified convicts, than a royal banqueting house.

Already, when we entered, the congregation was assembled; but the service had not commenced. Dimness, silence, and comfortless solemnity reigned within the sacred precincts; and we began to chill with the fear that we had not in verity returned from the twelfth century. We say, the congregation was assembled! We looked from side to side of the desolation, and descried here, and there again, a powdered poll, or trembling tuft of feathers and ribbons, peeping over the dead level of the pews! Such was the holy convocation! Yet we should not forget to mention a half dozen of rheumatic eleemosynaries, and a score of liveried urchins, who claimed the ample spaces of the galleries as their undisputed domain.

The minister ascended to his place,—a spare, pinched, keen-eyed, bald-headed man; sedate, sarcastic, and yet manifestly sad at heart;—sad as a man of sense must be, whose lot it is to stand still, year after year, in front of the perpetual sleet and frost of ill success. He gazed for a moment upon the unvaried scene,—for each of his patrons was in his place,—and looked as if in disgust of himself, of his vocation, of his congregation, of

his times, and of all the world, and then announced the psalm. A dismal personification of perfunctory heartlessness in the desk, aided by a single voice from the furthest corner of the place, performed the joyous anthem! Again the leader of worship rose, and read, and prayed; while his hearers, like so many single columns erect amid the ruins of Tadmor in the desert, indicated by their position that they were not altogether unmindful of the specific service in which their minister was engaged. Ah, how did we sigh for the unaffected fervour of a Turkish mosque!

The preacher took his text, which, as it was not referred to in the body of the discourse, has slipped from our memory. The querulous, sardonic, discouraging harangue of half an hour, inspired us strongly with the belief, that the minister was preparing his hearers for the announcement, that the chapel doors would, from that day forward, be closed, nor any more fruitless attempts be made to dissipate the obstinate darkness of the age. Not so. But, instead of any such seemingly discreet resolution, the sanguine man, hoping against hope, concluded his discourse by declaring his conviction, that, some thousand years hence—perhaps fifteen hundred—mankind, at length escaping from the influence of enthusiasm and fanaticism, would yield to the sway of right reason, and acknowledge the excellence of primitive Christianity; that is to say, on the supposition that Christianity, which perhaps ought to be regarded only as a temporary dispensation, should, at that remote date, be deemed in any way a necessary medium of eternal truth!

But before he attained this heart-warming climax, the preacher complained heavily, and with a noble, indignant eloquence, (having in it little or nothing of the tone of wounded pride or preposterous arrogance,) of the inveteracy of vulgar prejudices—the obdurate impenetrability of notions once deemed sacred—the crushing despotism of religious endowments, which, as he affirmed, left no chance of success to truth and reason among the great body of the people; while the sects that disclaimed such secular influence, were maddened by a fanaticism of the most malignant sort. Things being in this woful plight, what wonder that the few places in which the light of pure and primitive Christianity shone, were scarcely at all frequented! ‘Such,’ said the Preacher, willing to condole with his saddened flock, ‘such is the infelicity of being thrown upon a dark age! An age, the glooms of which are rendered only the more sensibly dense by the flickering (and I fear expiring) taper of true knowledge, which we, my brethren, still hold out to our times. But remember we are not alone, my friends, upon the roll of worthies whose lot it has been to contend vainly against obstinate and triumphant ignorance. We are placed, in our



'times, just as Roger Bacon was placed in his. Or, if you want examples of this sort, think of the Great Albert—think of Copernicus—think of Galileo!—Heroic men! they, as we, maintained in their dark day, sublime truths which the world—besotted, then as now—would not receive, though demonstrably certain.'

Nor did the Preacher, whatever bright hopes he might entertain of a millennium of Truth, at the end of another millennium of error, promise to his hearers any speedy change for the better. 'The zealous efforts of the friends of *primitive Christianity*,' said he, 'to disseminate their opinions on an extended scale, had proved almost an entire failure. At home, the congregations of apostolic Christians had, in ninety-eight instances out of every hundred, dwindled down to a state of deplorable desolation; and as to its progress abroad, the spirit of the primitive doctrine had shewn itself to be *not expansive*—not a *missionary spirit*: it won no way among the mass of the people; and every attempt to give it circulation, after *struggling into existence, did but struggle to exist.*'

We caught from the tones of this comfortless harangue an infection of despondency. The gloom of the building, its desolation, echoing the plaints of the preacher, oppressed our imagination; and we actually expected that, on issuing from this dungeon of despair, we should behold the heavens overcast with a triple blackness;—that the midsummer's noon would be stained, as by sympathy, with the moral and intellectual 'darkness of the age.' We expected to meet, at the first turning, some procession of monks, or a band of heretics on their way to the fire. In a word, we thought of nothing as we passed the untrod threshold of this Unitarian, Apostolic meeting-house, but to see the blood-stained banner of superstition, floating far and wide upon the murky sky!

How cheering was the reality that wakened us from this dismal dream as we gained the street! At the very moment, twenty churches and chapels of the neighbourhood were disgorging their crowds. Sunday dresses, and Sunday faces, illuminated by a Sunday's summer-sky, gave to the scene the liveliness and grace that so well befit Christianity where Christianity is free, intelligent, and sincere. Most of the faces we encountered, bore that expression of serene independence which is peculiarly *English*. Very few displayed that sort of timid, crabbed, cruel dejection that characterizes fanaticism or superstition. And as the crowd was thinning, we met several of the ministers of the congregations that had just dispersed: men whom we recognized as standing in the front of whatever is free, beneficent, dauntless: men, some of them erudite, most of them laborious in their circles; and scarcely two highly paid for their services.

Surely, we said, our preacher of 'primitive, apostolic Christianity,' has calumniated his times, and is little better than a cynic; one who, if he received his deserts, would be whipped out of the society of his countrymen. Forsooth, just because neither the irreligious nor the religious will listen to his doctrine, just because he is a disappointed man, and just to give some colour of comfort to his comfortless condition, he misrepresents the whole face of the age in which he lives; and dares to attribute to the ignorance, obstinate fanaticism, and interested superstition of the people of England in the nineteenth century, a failure which, in simple fact, is nothing but the natural, inevitable consequence of an absurd attempt to uphold a refuted argument! The complaint of the learned but persecuted Dominican wakened the sympathy which is always due to greatness unblest. The whining of the deserted preacher kindled the pity fraught with anger, which is all that can be bestowed upon lackless and infatuated arrogance.

We can hardly imagine an occasion that more signally tries the qualities of a man, or an occasion on which better he may establish his claim to the character of a philosopher, (taking the term in its highest and best sense,) than when an advocate of unpopular opinions is called upon to give a reason for the failure of his zealous endeavours to propagate them. A man who can explain his own discomfiture without petulance, without misstatement of facts, and without any supercilious vituperations of the *vulgar*, may fairly challenge an elevation of soul which distinguishes scarcely three individuals in a century. Placed in a position such as we have supposed, every inferior mind betrays, in some manner, its ignoble breeding; nor will rest until it has revenged its defeats by slanders.

But how admirable were that rare greatness of mind which should lead one who has conspicuously failed in his endeavours to propagate certain opinions, to confess that the circumstances and reasons of his disappointment have been such as to imply, almost demonstrably, the unsoundness of his argument!

Would to God that the state of Christianity in England were other than it is!—that the great mass of the people were habitual frequenters of churches and chapels!—that, in all churches and chapels, the great doctrines of the Reformation were plainly and zealously preached! Heartily we wish, that 'all bishops and curates, and all congregations committed to their charge,' exhibited, in their lives and conversation, unquestionable proofs of their receiving largely 'the healthful Spirit of Grace.' But, if things are not altogether as we would have them, we dare not attribute the irreligion of the times to the presence of any *argumentative* obstructions or disadvantages which crush the spirit of free inquiry, or deprive truth of a fair hearing. We dare

not either say or insinuate, that priestly power so sways and enthral the popular mind that the advocates of reason are cowed, brow-beaten, and intimidated. We dare not affirm, that genuine Christianity does not spread through the land, because its preachers are driven from the field by the hootings of endowed error.

Such things must not be said: they are contrary to plain and conspicuous facts. There never was a fifty years in which—there never was a people among whom, a *sound argument* had a better chance of making head against old errors, than during the last fifty years, and among the people of England within that time. Nay; during the last fifty years, at several moments, the popular feeling in England has broken with so stormy a force upon all ancient and prescriptive opinions, that whoever came forward to impugn them, found, in every market-place, a people prepared to applaud and devour his most impudent sophistries. It is indeed true, that earthly passions and worldly interests now, as ever, indispose the mass of mankind to entertain religious motives, and render the religious, as compared with the irreligious, a small minority. But it is *not true*, that the temper of the times specifically, or any political institutions, stand in the way of a particular theological system, as compared with others. Piety is, indeed, overpowered by worldliness of spirit and sensuality; but neither Unitarianism nor any other peculiar doctrine is disadvantaged in its struggle to hold a place among the crowd of religious opinions.

On the contrary, Unitarianism has had its auspicious moments. Once and again, it has seemed to be just spreading its canvass to the gale upon a flood-tide of opportunity. If Unitarianism had had in it at all the vigour of prosperous life, it might—it *must* have lived and prospered at some times during the last half century. And if ever and again it has lapsed and slunk away from the high road of success, no other intelligible account of the fact can be given, than this,—that it is intrinsically a doctrine of desolation and decay.

What then must be confessed concerning the primitive apostolic Christianity that is preached in Unitarian meeting-houses? Alas! this doctrine, which, if indeed it be the Christianity of the Apostles, *once* conquered all the gods, and set foot upon the throne of universal empire, *now*, when learnedly and zealously propounded to the most intelligent, the most free, and the most religious people in the world, proves itself to be a thing that none will listen to!—a thing the poor turn from in contempt!—a thing that inspires its converts with no zeal!—a thing that can neither walk, nor run, nor stand among competitors!—a thing that scatters, not gathers;—that desolates, not blesses!—a thing of silence, gloom, emptiness, coldness,



despondency!—This is the primitive, apostolic Christianity of Unitarianism!

But shall Unitarian preachers be so ingenuous as to utter this confession? Not so;—and therefore there remains to them nothing but to talk of their times, just as those hapless necromancers, Roger Bacon, and Albertus Magnus, might well have done!

How long shall refuted, defeated Socinianism continue to cling with the forlorn, spasmodic grasp of a dying agony to its hold? We firmly believe, and could shew reasons for our opinion, that the time of its end is drawing on. But on the present occasion we have another course of thought to pursue.

The entire number of places of worship (endowed and licensed) in England, might be classified in some such manner as the following; taking, as the ground of distinction, the degree in which they are *ordinarily* filled. The purpose of our argument will be sufficiently answered by a fourfold division, of which the *first* comprehends the crowded; the *second*, the fairly filled; the *third*, the moderately filled; and the *fourth*, those that, from Sunday to Sunday round the year, challenge to themselves in a pre-eminent degree, the imposing solemnity of desolation; or, in other words, such as are occupied by—the parson, the clerk, the pew-opener, and five, seven, or fourteen resolute good folks, who have vowed that nothing, while life and limb are spared, shall drive them from the venerable walls.

As to places of the first class, or the crowded, we might exclude them from consideration on the present occasion, as anomalous instances; it being fairly presumable, that such cases of extraordinary repletion result from special causes;—generally, the peculiar attractions of a preacher,—his genius, his fervour, or his extravagance. Here and there, it is true, local circumstance, fine music, or mere fashion, crams a place of worship. Be it as it may, we should not draw general inferences from such instances. The second class, or the permanently well filled, may (with a few exceptions easily accounted for) be considered as so distinguished, because the religious instruction obtained in them is of a sort that approves itself to the consciences of men as sound, efficient, and salutary. To this order belong most of those churches of the Establishment wherein the doctrines of its founders are preached in an able and acceptable manner. It includes also a fair proportion (perhaps a majority) of all Dissenting meeting-houses and chapels in populous neighbourhoods, in which the same doctrines (the doctrines of the Reformation) are maintained by men of good education and respectable pulpit talents. We come to the third, and perhaps the most numerous class; namely, the moderately, or half filled,—neither desolated nor flourishing.

Seats are *claimed* or *let*, more than occupied. Of this sort are, first, a *large* proportion of all the parish churches throughout the land, both rural and municipal, whereunto resort, every Sunday, (bad weather always excepted,) the good, sober folk of the parish, who would do as they do, though the parson were to preach Islamism;—and perhaps be neither the wiser nor the worse! Secondly, under this *general* (we must use as much subdivision almost as belonged to an old non-conformist discourse) are to be reckoned some number (we fear) of regular and orthodox dissenting places, in towns and out of them; and which contain a very similar *genus* of ‘good sort of folks,’ better taught, perhaps, in Christianity, than their neighbours of the Establishment, and decided foes of all ‘rites and forms of man’s ‘devising,’ but not much more vivacious in either their intellectual or moral life than other people. Where such half-filled Dissenting places are surrounded with a dense population, we would consent to forfeit our estates,—or our heads, if we failed, in one instance out of fifty, to assign instantly the conspicuous and unquestionable cause of so lamentable a loss of pew room.

Last come the empty.—It is no *bull* to call a thing *empty*, whether box, vase, house, or purse, which is not found to contain what one expects to see within it; even though there be no absolute vacuum. In this sense, an *empty* place of worship is one in which, though there is some dozen of men, women, and children, there is *no congregation*. Instances of very dissimilar sorts come under this head: as first, not a few parish churches, the officiating ministers in which, by their bad reputation, or utter inefficiency as teachers, secure for their own voices and their clerks’, all the advantages of solemn echo. But to whom, among the sectarists, belong the deserted chapels? We are prepared to affirm confidently, that an exceedingly small number can be claimed by the orthodox dissenters, of any denomination. Here and there, indeed, some pitiable drone, barricadoed in his pulpit by endowments, and protected from the besom of public opinion by obscurity, ‘keeps the doors’ of an ancient meeting-house ‘open’ (to use a technical and significant phrase) by somnific inanities;—and, perhaps, on some crowded highway, where a multitude of souls might have been saved, holds up, weekly, the glorious Gospel on a pillory, for the scoff of each Sunday straggler! Instances of this sort among the orthodox dissenters are, we say, extremely rare. Who then claims the remainder?—Unitarianism. And in what proportion? In the proportion of ninety-eight in every hundred of all its places!

We must dilate a while upon this fact; and first recur to our classification. If we err in particulars, we shall be glad to re-

ceive correction, and yet, need acknowledge no detriment to our argument. We believe, then, that English Socinianism has not to boast a single place that is *ordinarily* crowded, or over-filled. Assuredly, it has not three such places; and we do not hesitate to say, that nothing can be more improbable, than that a preacher of this class should excite that sort of intense interest which could attract a throng. A *very* clever man, or a very learned one, a man of eminent perspicacity, or of fine taste, may adopt the Unitarian creed; but where shall we find among its advocates a full-sized, well-proportioned intellect, vivified by glowing sensibilities, and rife with the soul of eloquence? Where is such an instance to be found? We know not of one. Unitarian eloquence! Talk rather of the genial influences that beam from the wintry Alps under the moon! Unitarianism, by an intrinsic, inseparable impotency, pressing on the very soul of its ministers, is forbidden to become the centre of an eager, listening crowd.

Three or four (we doubt if there be five) Unitarian chapels in England, are well filled; though not crowded. But, in these few instances, *all the Unitarianism* of one side of the metropolis, or of a populous city or manufacturing town, is brought together, and makes indeed a fair show, if thought of apart from the space whence it has been gleaned. Thus, if all the men in London who had the misfortune to be christened Zachary or Jonas, were convened under one roof, one might, in looking at the goodly assembly, be tempted to say,—How favourite a name among the English is Zachary or Jonas! But the fact is far otherwise. And much the same account must be given of the few Unitarian chapels that are ordinarily well filled.

It is a remarkable fact, that the system of doctrine of which we are speaking, seems not to be susceptible of a middle state of prosperity. Unitarian places of worship are either the three or four, or it may be five, well-filled chapels in London, Birmingham, Manchester; or, the three or four hundred dungeons of desolation found elsewhere. Where, we ask, in towns of the second and third rate, are the edifices that bring together, on a Sunday, a fair proportion of the several orders,—the opulent, the mercantile, and the poor, to listen to Socinian doctrine? Hardly will such instances be met with. Unitarianism exists, either by collecting scattered individuals from large circles, or purely by aid of endowments, where a *congregation* has long ceased to be thought of. So much for our third class.

Nothing can be more significant than the facts that present themselves in turning to the fourth class,—or the empty. No sect at all approximates to the proportion which the empty



chapels of the Unitarians bear to the entire number. To say that, of a thousand parish churches, taken indiscriminately in town and country, one hundred and twenty-five, or one-eighth, are graced with the awful grandeur of vacuity, is, we think, allowing a too large number. We doubt if the Methodists, Wesleyan and Calvinistic, have three empty chapels in a hundred. The Baptists may claim perhaps five or ten in the same number. The Independents, three or four. The Quakers twenty; or more. But the Unitarians have ninety-eight chapels in every hundred that are desolate. Yet, as our argument is of a general kind, and quite independent of nice calculations, we are willing to suppose that ten in a hundred own a congregation;—nay, let it be twenty; let it be said that not more than four-fifths of the Unitarian pew ground is a desert. Now, here we might stop. We should be content to leave the inference to every man's common sense. Most assuredly, were we Unitarians, we should accept the fact, *under the circumstances which belong to it*, as a sufficient proof of the badness, or at least the hopelessness of the cause. Unitarian chapels are empty, not because it is an age of darkness and fanaticism,—not because Unitarians are liable to imprisonments, confiscations, fines;—but for the simple, satisfactory reason, that, with the Bible in its hand, it fails to make good its pretensions,—the mass of the people being judges.

It is idle to flinch from a conspicuous inference. Christianity has, indeed, often been crushed or beaten out of a country by force of arms, or it has expired amid the general decay of learning, in the absence of political security, or the decline of national life. We mourn in such cases the extinction, yet cannot marvel. But what are we to think, what appalling surmises would come in upon the heart, if it should appear that Christianity, in its pure and primitive form, Christianity, which was announced as a blessing to the multitude, when proclaimed among an enlightened people, in an age of freedom and intellectual activity, can gain no hearing? What if we see that this pure Apostolic doctrine, entering upon a congregation (fairly taken from all ranks) presently scatters it, retaining nothing of the good things upon which it laid its hand, but the endowments and the desolated walls. And what if these things take place again and again, and yet again? Is there no significance in facts such as these?

In proof and illustration of our representations, we must bring together a number of admissions scattered through several numbers of the Monthly Repository:—

‘Our chapels are but thinly attended, and our interest but slow in

progress. Perhaps, if we advert to the increase of population in these kingdoms, we must speak not of progress, but of retrogradation?

M. Repos. p. 703.

From the efforts of missionaries', (says the Watchman, in the work above quoted, Nov. p. 764,) 'let us turn to the actual condition of our congregations. These we may divide into two classes,—the ancient and the modern; those we have received from our predecessors, and those created by the present generation. Of many of both classes, the tale is brief and mournful. There are a few of the old chapels, situated in large and flourishing towns, in which congregations worship respectable, both as to numbers and character. From the narrow sphere of the Unitarian view, however, *these are greatly overrated*. Every thing is small or great by comparison. To a child, a house of six rooms is a mansion. To Unitarians, a Bristol or a Manchester audience is magnificent! But let these half dozen flourishing congregations be deemed of as highly as we will, still, six prosperous societies out of some three hundred, is a small proportion. We do not mean to intimate that *all* the rest are dying or dead. Far from it. There is a large middle class which supports a healthy appearance.—(*We doubt it; or dispute the propriety of the term healthy.*) 'But many of the old chapels among us are in a pitiable state. Of our own knowledge we can speak of *some scores* that scarcely shew signs of life. The number of hearers in them will not average more than *thirty*:—the salary of the minister not more than seventy pounds per annum. Few beings are more to be pitied than a Unitarian minister, placed in one of these societies. A man of education, with the miserable pittance of some seventy pounds per year, which with much toil and solicitude he *may*, perhaps, but not in all cases, raise to a bare hundred! With this he has a wife and children to support, and a decent appearance to maintain. Nor is this insignificant sum to be obtained without sundry and constant vexations from trustee influence and trustee domination. If animated by a laudable wish to extend the boundaries of his pasture, the minister is encountered by coldness and opposition. The poor who attend his services, would gladly lend their countenance and aid. But the great man, who is also the keeper of the purse, frowns the intention down. On other occasions, the minister is checked in his purposes for want of pecuniary assistance; or by the engagements and vexations of a school. There are many, very many of our ministers in this condition. Men of talent, education, and lofty moral feeling, are suffering for the cause of 'Truth'; (*or for an infatuation?*) 'and by reason of others' unfaithfulness, in remote villages and declining towns, suffering in a way, and to an extent, that nothing but moral strength and the force of principle could enable them to sustain. Imagine these men placed in situations fitting to call out their powers, to fan the flame of their piety and zeal, to reward with a competency their labours; and how different would be their condition and their characters! In the actual case, however, how much of moral power is thrown away! How much of intellectual excellence is lost! and for what? To re-enact the story told in Mr. Wright's narrative of his missionary life and labours;—*to conduct in decency a few sexagenarians to the grave, and then to close the doors!* Let us not be supposed

to jest with the subject. It is too serious, and too true, to admit of a smile. If this is not the probable end of no few of the old Presbyterian Chapels, we are yet to learn what other fate they can in all human probability undergo. The question, then, is easily solved, Whether or not it is worth while to sacrifice some of the excellent of the earth to such an object? Can such a consummation be avoided? Not in the actual state of things. But, if the Unitarian body would rise to a sense of its duties, and to a manly advocacy of the cause of Truth, the most desirable change might be effected; but of this more anon.

‘Equally grieved are we, when we contemplate the condition of the congregations which have been raised within the last fifteen years. Many chapels have been built. How few are adequately attended! If it were not an invidious task, we could establish this assertion by the mention of actual instances. Doubtless there are some of our young societies that promise to survive; a few that flourish. But many of them are struggling hard for existence. In nearly all of them, the minister is in a condition little better than those who are attached to the former class. From what has been said, it is evident that the cause of Unitarianism in these kingdoms, as far as its condition may be estimated by the numbers who constitute its congregations, is by no means in a satisfactory state.

‘We dare not hope that the kingdom of Christ is advancing under our auspices. The world around us is lying in wickedness. The home of the majority of our readers is surrounded by many who are in the gall of bitterness, being enslaved by sin; and what healing stream have we recently set to flow; what light have we kindled to cleanse and illumine our suffering fellow men? Our neighbourhoods are incessantly increasing; the young swarm around us on every side; those of riper years arise in clouds (*crowds*?). Where is there on our part an increase of exertion, an augmentation of moral energy, to meet the growing demand? Alas! the general effect of the thickening of the population is to hide from public view the temples devoted to our worship; to hide our candle under a bushel, and to restrict the moral influence which we exert. How long will these things be? Have we arrived at the lowest point of depression? May a change for the better be expected? All things, we iterate, are in our possession, requisite to exert a most healing and efficient influence on our fellow men;—all but the great mover, the life and soul of action—the will.’ p. 771.

Not a word of comment needs be subjoined to these quotations. We leave the inference to every man’s good sense, and pursue our intention a page or two further.

God forbid we should insult the unhappy! Nevertheless, we must look at a case which must be deemed singularly undesirable, whether it be regarded in a secular or a spiritual light: we mean the case of *more than four fifths* of all the preachers of Unitarianism in England.

In spite of pride, in spite of reason, in spite of abstract principles, or internal satisfactions, every man (or all but madmen and enthusiasts) esteems his own position in society as he per-



ceives it to be esteemed by those around him. A man is happy, who is thought to be so;—wretched, whom the world pities or contemns. If this be not a universal truth, it is a general one. Now it is granted, that a faithful Christian minister, the servant of God in an evil world, is called at times, and in peculiar situations, to bear up against the general contumely of mankind, and is compelled to recollect the real dignity, and high importance, and future honours of his office, in order to support himself under the scorn of a licentious or gainsaying world. This may, to some extent, happen even in our own enlightened and religionized country. Much more does it happen to the Christian missionary, as he urges his discouraged steps daily through the crowded ways of an idolatrous city! But, in such instances, a wise and good man, though, as a man, he feels oppressively the weight of the circumambient scorn of his fellows, nevertheless readily turns to considerations which sustain his courage. He recollects, for example, the immense and conspicuous superiority of the religion he bears with him, over that which he impugns. Then his thoughts fly homeward, and he remembers that the doctrine that is scorned by the men of India, is honoured by the men of England. Or his meditations carry him back to the ages of the primitive triumph of the Gospel; or forward to the millennium of its universal ascendancy. Thus he rebuts contempt by reason and faith.

We are willing to grant that, unless he can bring home to his heart, readily and without question, a large portion of such meditative comfort, a Christian minister who stands from youth to age in the centre of a circle of desolation, is of all men the one we should deem the most miserable. In how great a degree the deserted Unitarian preacher (and such are eighty, or ninety, or more in every hundred) can sustain his fortitude by abstract meditations or distant hopes, is a question we shall not attempt to solve. But, instead of this, we shall examine a little more closely his actual position.

And first, for its most palpable article,—his pecuniary remuneration. That his income is small, and incapable of much augmentation, he does not complain of; for this is a disadvantage which he saw distinctly before him when he devoted himself to the ministerial calling, and which he shares with the great majority of the clergy of all denominations, of whom nine out of ten are inadequately recompensed for their services. But the peculiar constitution of his salary must make him who receives it feel himself humiliated in living by such means. Not like the poor curate or incumbent who receives a sum which the law gives him; and who, so long as he discharges certain duties, is as well and truly entitled to his tithe as the squire is to his rents. Not like the poor Dissenting minister among the

orthodox sects, who subsists, though hardly, upon the free-will offerings of a needy flock, cheerfully rendered to the man of their hearts. Not so. But the pittance on which the children of the Unitarian minister starve, has been filched for him: his income, or three-fourths of it, is the fruit of a fraud,—the shameless perversion of a testamentary grant. Every shilling, if he be a man of sensibility, must burn his palm as he takes it. The thirty, sixty, hundred pounds *per annum*, which, if it be not the whole of his salary, is that on which his continuance in his place absolutely depends, was destined by the donor for the maintenance of a doctrine which the man who receives it is always labouring to impugn! Odious position! Hard service! The minister who stands in a pulpit under such conditions, might well, as he glances at the tablet dedicated to the memory of the abused dead, imagine that he hears the “stone out of the wall”, uttering the reproachful taunt—“He who eateth of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me”!

But we will suppose only, (and it is far below the average of instances,) that not more than one-third of the Unitarian minister's salary proceeds from a perverted endowment. Whence come the two-thirds? Not, as we have said, from the collected pence or shillings of four or five hundred hearers, who, in sparing so much, spare their utmost; but from seven, or eight, or a dozen deep and grudging purses, upon the brims of which a covetousness is written that utterly condemns the Christianity of the holders! Six, or eight, or ten handsome equipages convey weekly the supporters of the chapel to its doors; but each sets down a worshipper of mammon! Unhappy man, who pines upon a hundred pounds, in part wrested from the insulted dead, in part wrung from the reluctant living.

We hardly need adduce specific evidence in support of our assertions on the unpleasant subject here referred to. Nevertheless it may be as well to present our readers with a passage or two from recent numbers of the *Monthly Repository*, which bear upon this point. The ‘*Watchman*’, after affirming that ‘Unitarians are, for their numbers, the richest body of religiousists in the kingdom, and contribute least to religious objects;’ goes on to say, that,

‘The full evidence of this assertion is not adduced, till it be stated, that perhaps *one-half* of the insignificant stipends paid to their ministers proceed from the charity of preceding ages. We do not, we think, over estimate the amount of endowments in possession of Unitarian Trustees. In many instances, the *whole* of the salary proceeds from endowment; and though the minister is obliged to unite two arduous professions in order to find the means of a humble subsistence, or where a school is not attainable, is obliged to live on the very edge of poverty; and though there is one or more persons in his flock of ample

and superfluous means ; yet, the utmost that is done by voluntary contributions, is the raising enough to defray the expenses of opening and cleaning the chapel ; and we have known instances in which any extraordinary outlay, arising from repairs, or the delivery of lectures, has been subtracted, either wholly or in part, from the minister's pittance. In other cases, not the whole, but a part,—*generally the chief part* of the tiny sum received by the minister, proceeds from endowments. A few instances there are, in which no endowment is possessed ; and we declare it as our conviction, that the societies where this is the case, are in general the most flourishing. And now then we freely and heartily say, that we wish that all the endowments possessed by our body were irretrievably sunk to the bottom of the ocean. Other denominations, poorer than we a hundred fold, have them not, and flourish. We have them and we languish. They have been, they are, an incubus to our cause. And the orthodox could not do us a greater service than to wrest them from our hands.'

For further illustration of the Watchman's mournful statements, we must refer our readers to the copious evidence brought together in the volume we have named at the head of this Article ; we mean, 'The Manchester Socinian Controversy'. Our limits forbid our adducing particular instances ; but the general fact is sufficiently notorious, and the general fact is enough for our argument.

We turn to another side of the Unitarian minister's position. Amid his pecuniary humiliations, can he solace himself in contemplating the success of his spiritual labours ? Can he derive from the manifest *efficiency* of his ministrations, a consolation which reconciles him to his degrading lot ? He, and, upon the supposition of the Unitarian, he alone, holds in his hand that potent engine which, awhile ago, overthrew temples and thrones, and vanquished the nations. What does it achieve in *his* hands ? We put the question to his candour. These are not the days of mystification ;—not the days in which a man may hide simple facts from himself and others by vague, unmeaning declamations. We ask, then, the Unitarian minister to tell us, to tell us as if in a court of justice, and before a dozen plain men, what does he see, within his particular sphere, of the **POWER OF THE GOSPEL** ? Let him answer in reference either to the numbers whom he statedly addresses, or the apparent benefit derived from his instructions by those who hear him.

Or, if an inference from single instances be disliked, let us look at Unitarianism (this supposed only genuine Christianity) as it stands in the country at large, and viewed as an instrument of national virtue. We ask aloud, is Unitarianism, with all its chapels, worth to the people of England, as an actual means of purity and reformation of manners,—is it worth the revenues of the poorest of our bishopricks ? Is it worth the salaries of a score of excisemen ? Nay, is it worth a rush ? If all the Uni-



tarian chapels in England were let to-morrow for penitentiaries, or warehouses, would the aggregate virtue of the English people exhibit in the following year the minutest deterioration? Verily, we think not.

How cheerless, then, how utterly comfortless are the endeavours of each single labourer, when the worth of the aggregate labour of all is too diminutive a thing to be measured or reckoned! How deplorable the lot of a man who not only is unsuccessful in his particular sphere, but who, on looking round among his colleagues, far and near, sees ninety of them out of every hundred in the same dismal predicament,—hopelessly unsuccessful! How shall he defend his bosom against the inroad of the most heart-sickening of all convictions that can smite the human breast,—the conviction of toiling through life—fruitlessly?

The gainless man meets in society those with whom he set out on the course of life; each quick and alert (if not all successful) in the pursuit of interests the promotion of which, though private, is the promotion of the common wealth and general prosperity. But he, though not less well educated than they, not less intelligent, not less capable, constitutionally, of achieving success by energy and talent; he, though perhaps possessing the advantage over his fellows in these respects, navigates perpetually a stagnant pool, in the deadly waters of which not a fish will swim, over the pestiferous surface of which not a living thing will flit! *They* are ploughing, sowing, and reaping: *he*, sowing, and sowing, sterile sands, watered only with briny tears of despair! Once in the round of seven days, he bends his steps, heart-fallen and sick of the profitless usages of devotion, to his chapel. No glistening eyes of the poor and afflicted whom he is to comfort, watch his approach. No joyous sounds of cordial, universal worship greet his ears. The few are in their places;—would he were left to indulge his melancholy in solitude! He delivers the appointed couplets of chilly adoration. Of the few worshippers, a few only respond. He reads the Scripture;—one verse in every five shocks his fastidious taste, or asks a crooked criticism to turn the edge of its obvious meaning. He prays. Yes, *he* prays; but who joins him? Do not all inwardly loathe the solemn impertinence in the *efficacy* of which none have a hearty faith? He preaches:—he utters (so he says) the soul-wakening doctrine of immortality, stripped of every corruption, and therefore, by necessary consequence, potent to reform the profligate, and to spiritualize the convert! Preacher! shew to the world the roll of your actual triumphs!—The week's work is done; the congregation dismissed; and the functionary returns to his home; and, as a *public person*, feels himself an insulated being, a *sinecurist*,—

unconnected with the multitude of men, either by relationship of secular utility, or by bond of spiritual sympathy, or by efficient labours of Christian beneficence.

‘The Unitarian is an insulated being. He stands apart from the rest of his fellow Christians. If he has society out of his own connection, he must seek it with those who believe less, not more than himself: if he wishes to be friendly with the orthodox, he is looked upon with distance: if to join in their benevolent plans, with avoidance: if to rectify their errors, with horror. He can find his way neither to their head nor their heart. The public services of his temple, they avoid as they would a lazar-house. He is cabbined, cribbed, and confined, on all sides: his days are spent in inaction, and his charities are narrowed by reason of restraint. He is a stranger in a strange land; having a peculiar language, a peculiar spirit, a peculiar creed.’ *Monthly Repository*, Oct. p. 696.

‘What wonder their compositions and address are cold (*those of Unitarian preachers*), when the audience is small and lukewarm? What wonder their affections are dull, when the atmosphere in which they live is heavy and sluggish?’ *Ibid.*

But we must say a word more of the singular infelicity of the lot of a Unitarian minister. We suppose him to be a man of benevolence, a man of intelligence, and one accustomed to look at the progress and prospects of society in a philosophical light. We ask such a one, then, in what way he thinks the missionary labours of the present age will be regarded by posterity? Say, they shall, for the present, fail and be abandoned; or say, that they shall prosper and actually usher in a glorious universality of the heavenly doctrine. We care not which supposition is assumed. Take the former; and will not the men who are now carrying their lives in their hands to every barbarous shore, be reckoned among philanthropists? Will a small praise be theirs in the lips of the Christians of distant times? Who dares think otherwise than that, though their immediate labours should be fruitless, the *men* shall be honoured as heroes of mercy?

But take the second supposition; and does it seem an extravagant one, that the costly effort now in progress to evangelize the world, shall prosper and spread itself, and go on conquering, as Truth should conquer delusion, until all nations bow the knee to Jesus? At the moment of the climax of such success, we ask, whether the lot of those who stood foremost in the enterprise, and sustained the sorrows of initial discomfiture, will not seem enviable? We ask, whether those men who, on this supposition, may claim to have been the originators of a new dispensation of mercy to mankind, will not be named and thought of as the most illustrious, the most favoured of the human race?

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Fully, and calmly, and firmly we believe, that, to the eye of

future times, the scenes, actions, personages of the present evangelical warfare shall stand forward as the scenes, actions, and personages of the age, most worthy to fix the gaze of admiration. For ourselves as individuals, we would not be severed from the glories and labours of the missionary work, no, not for sceptres; no, not if the material universe and all its flaming suns were the bribe. No, not for an immortality of earthly satisfaction, would we, as men and Christians, either confess the guilt of an inward indifference to the missionary cause; or, feeling ourselves alive to its successes, be fettered and held in inaction by the indifference of the party to which we belong.

Is this fanaticism? Let him who calls it so, come forward: we loudly defy him to the proof! Our hope and zeal, if it have become a passion of the soul, is not the less built upon substantial reasonings: and having, in many a season of cool and deliberate reflection, convinced ourselves of the solidity of our expectations, we now glory in the impulse which, in connection with such a theme, bears away the judgement.

What part, then, has Unitarianism in the blessedness of the Missionary work? By the missionary work, we mean, not the proselyting at home from other persuasions\*; but the evangelizing of heathen or Mohammedan nations. A work eminently becoming to a great and Christian country; a work from which no *Christian*, now that it is in progress, can be content to stand either excused or excluded.

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\* We cannot pass the occasion of expressing the strong feeling—we would not quite say disgust—with which we hear societies, the object of which is the spread of the Gospel at home, termed ‘*Missionary Societies*.’ Is nothing due to the special conventional sense of words—to their *acquired* sense? Is it enough that we do not trespass upon etymologies in our use of language? We think some respect is due to their customary acceptance. Is an *Itinerant* to be called a *Missionary*, because those to whom he preaches, are unconverted? So are the larger numbers of all regular congregations; and by consequence, every minister of the gospel is a missionary. Or is he so termed because his village hearers are *heathens*—*pagans*? We denounce such an abuse of language as highly offensive and fanatical. The work of an *Itinerant*, in addressing the neglected and uninformed portion of a Christianized population, does not consist in persuading the people to forsake dumb idols, or to renounce the name of a false prophet, but in winning them to return, in truth and sincerity, to the faith whereunto they profess assent. We grant indeed, that ‘*Home Missionary Society*’ looks handsomer, and seems to promise much more of enterprise and achievement than ‘*Itinerant Society*.’ On the same principle, and most absurdly, Unitarians are prating of their ‘*Missions*’, when they mean nothing but the preaching of an *Itinerant*, or the distribution of tracts. Let this folly be left to those who need it.

‘There never was a system’, says a Unitarian writer\*, ‘which was so general in its regards, which bore so invasive a character, as Christianity in its earliest days. . . . Every preacher was a missionary, going about doing good, sent, and glorying in his office, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord. We are sure, therefore, that the spirit of missions is the spirit of Christ, and of Christianity.’ Or, to use the language of the same writer in another place†: ‘All must acknowledge that Christianity is fitted for proselyting; for in this way it gained its first and its fairest triumphs. If, then, Unitarianism be, as supposed, unfit, it is not the truth as it is in Jesus, and the sooner we are rid of it the better.’

Amen, and amen!—But with this implied inference, significant as it is, we have nothing now to do: we leave it to those whom it concerns. First, for the facts of the case, which are soon enumerated. The Unitarians are, by their own shewing, the only holders of ‘primitive, apostolic Christianity;’—of Christianity ‘uncorrupt,’—‘rational,’—‘vital.’ Whatever, therefore, of intrinsic power or expansiveness belongs to the gospel, must belong, by eminence, to the gospel when disengaged from all human additions. Of all forms of the doctrine of Christ, Unitarianism must be the most energetic, inasmuch as it is the most pure; nay, the *only* pure. Then Unitarians possess all the requisites for giving effect and expression to that apostolic zeal which burns in their bosoms. ‘Latent power’, we are told‡, ‘they have in abundance;—moral character, intellectual worth, and *worldly affluence*,—none of these things are wanting.’ Nay, we are assured, with a solemn iteration of the unquestionable fact, that ‘the Unitarians are, for their numbers, the richest body of religionists in the kingdom.’§ And we must say, that if they are not in fact the most *numerous*, as well as the most wealthy body of religionists, they have had a fair chance of becoming so;—if the thing had been possible. Why should not ‘primitive, apostolic Christianity’ have spread itself in England, during the same years, as widely as Wesleyan methodism? We cannot tell why; unless permitted to say, that Unitarianism is—an impotent thing.

Now for the result, which we may give, first in general terms, then in specific details. And in doing so, we shall confine ourselves to the authentic documents before us.

Referring to the modern missionary zeal, which, in its substance, our Authority applauds, he confesses that ‘Unitarians have not moved forwards with the general mass.’||—‘There

\* Monthly Repos. Dec. 1829, p. 849.

† Ib. p. 770.

§ Ib. p. 767.

‡ Ib. Nov. 1829, p. 763.

|| Ib. Dec. 1829, p. 846.



'is a deadness in many of our most useful institutions, a *flatness* 'and *apathy in regard to religious matters*, too frequently prevailing among our lay brethren.' \* Or, to come nearer to the matter in hand :

'The missionary labours of the Unitarian Association during the last year, must be pronounced an almost entire failure. Three missionaries' (that is to say, *itinerants* at home) 'have been employed, and they have been employed nearly in vain.....The missions' (*itinerancies*) 'conducted by the young men educated at York College, have been from time to time diminished, till now they have, with the exception of that to Welburn, little more than a name to live.'

Again :—

'Throughout the kingdom, the result of the missionary labours undertaken by Unitarians of late, has been a disappointing one. How, how happens this?' (inquires the simple-hearted writer, whose ingenuousness is as admirable as his perseverance in a desperate cause.) 'Chiefly, we doubt not, because the spirit of Unitarians in this kingdom is NOT THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT. Very many are hostile to missionary exertions, and especially the more rich and influential. The societies that have been and are, have struggled into being, and struggle to exist. They have in some cases been formed by a few, in opposition to the will of the many ; while the many looked on either in *apathy or scorn*. The propriety of their existence has been gravely questioned ; the overture for aid to maintain them, met with a *smile of astonishment* ; while almost in every instance, those who affect to give the tone to others, and who unfortunately have had but too much influence, have not only kept aloof from, but spoken warmly against them. In a word, the current of fashion has been, and still is, of an anti-missionary hue. Missionary exertions have been denounced as *vulgar* ; as interfering with the harmony and polish of refined and miscellaneous society.'

With a singular *naïveté*, after making these ominous confessions, the Writer goes on :

'There may be some' (indeed there are) 'who think that the cause of the failure of our missionary labours is to be found in the unsuitableness for proselytism of the tenets which we hold. If this opinion was well founded, a stronger presumption of the falsity of Unitarianism could not be imagined !'

Perhaps, we have adduced evidence enough of this sort ; but we must just add a sentence or two, drawn from the same source.

'The institutions that exist among us for the promotion of the great purposes of religion, are few in number, and languishing, for the most part, in operation. Even the British and Foreign Unitarian Association—

\* Monthly Repos. Dec. 1829, p. 663.

tion itself, though so catholic in its objects, so judicious in its exertions, and inheriting from its predecessors, the Fund, so honourable and well merited a reputation, has by no means met with the general and hearty cooperation that it deserves.'

'The Gospel, they' (the orthodox) 'argue is of infinite value. The Unitarians are sufficiently indifferent about it: little do they to put others in possession of its blessings. How can they duly estimate its value, or have the spirit of Christ? Nay, may they not even disbelieve that which they are by no means anxious to further?' *Monthly Repository*, p. 703.

'In consequence of the want of cooperation, our institutions and our cause want spirit, activity, and energy; and the orthodox look on, and beholding how much we are at ease, how quiescent we each are, how little alive to the success of any object, and especially how lukewarm about the salvation of our fellow creatures, judge that there must be something radically wrong in our system;—a cooling and a chilling influence, which breathes not from the pages of the gospel.' *Monthly Repository*, p. 207.

So much for the general statement of the anti-missionary temper of Unitarianism. What are the specific facts which have compelled Unitarian writers to make such confessions?

'But the most painful case of failure yet remains to be noticed. India, the first field of our missionary exertions in foreign lands,—India, whose spiritual welfare awakened an interest in the breasts of many of the most enlightened and pious men of America, as well as England,—an interest which exhibited the Unitarian body in the most pleasing attitude that it ever assumed; India, which, with the name of its wise, learned, and benevolent Brahmin, gave the fairest promise of an eventual, though perhaps a tardy harvest; this country, which had excited our hope more, perhaps, than any other spot, America excepted, is now without a Unitarian missionary and the means of Unitarian worship! But we correct ourselves; we do wrong, in so saying, to that excellent and persevering man, William Roberts. We were thinking, in writing the above, of Mr. Adam,' &c.—p. 769.

It would be altogether impertinent to our purpose, to adduce the pretty well known histories of the individuals above alluded to. Let the labours of William Roberts at Madras, or elsewhere, and the defunct efforts of Mr. Adam at Calcutta, carry all the importance that can possibly attach to them, and be held available for the desirable purpose of convicting any man of misrepresentation, who shall be so hasty as to affirm, that Unitarians have attempted, or are attempting, *nothing* for the diffusion of Christianity among the heathen. Far be it from us to advance any such absolute and calumnious predication! By no means:—the Unitarians *have* William Roberts at Madras, and they *had* Mr. Adam at Calcutta!

But we turn to an account of the last annual meeting\* of the 'British and Foreign Unitarian Association', the object of which is the diffusion, at home and abroad, of the unsullied light of rational, liberal, primitive, and apostolic Christianity. From the statement of the treasurer, it appears, that (notwithstanding 'a falling off of donations and collections') the 'most opulent body of Christians in England' raised during the year, the sum of '*one thousand and odd pounds*', for the furtherance of their pious intentions! The expenditure has consisted of,—1. the charge for purchasing and printing books, namely, 454*l.* 15*s.* 11*d.*; 2. upwards of 300*l.* expended on congregational and *missionary* objects *at home*; and 3. (let Christendom hear it!)—*two hundred and fifty pounds* on account of the *Foreign Fund*!

Yet, even this adventure for converting the people of India, (rather for diffusing Unitarianism among the *English* of Calcutta, such is the fact,) did not escape animadversion as an improper diversion of the funds of the Association from the field where they were more needed. And though the objector allowed, that, the Calcutta mission having been commenced, they were '*bound to endeavour to make the best of it*', he was far from admitting, (and none of the speakers affirmed,) that Unitarians should think of entering boldly as competitors with the orthodox on the high course of foreign evangelization. And yet, why should they not do so? What obstacle stands between Unitarians and the Pagan world? What, but Unitarian indifference? Why would it be imprudent to originate some eight or ten missions to Africa, India, and the Islands of the Southern Sea, but because it is too absurd to suppose that any such act of religious charity would be supported or approved by the Unitarian body? It is a missionary age, and the missionary spirit is allowed by Unitarians to be eminently proper to Christianity; and yet, Unitarians neither go forth to preach the Gospel, nor send others!

We are bound, however, to view this matter of foreign missions as it is viewed by Unitarians; and we learn from the highest authority, that Unitarians, while snugly sitting at home in their empty chapels, are wont, with a benevolent easiness of feeling, to congratulate themselves and their party on the successes of orthodox missions! How comfortable a thing it is, when others will do our work for us, leaving us to snore in seed-time, and kindly giving us the jog when the harvest is all ready to be housed! Now this, we learn, is precisely the felicitous position of Unitarians at the present moment. The orthodox,

\* The Report then read has not yet, we believe, been published.



in the intemperance of their fanatical zeal, are labouring to convert the world. Yes, but the Unitarians, when the world shall be converted, are to fill their garners with the glorious wealth! Surely these children of light are taking lessons of policy from Irish absentee landlords. Hear Dr. Carpenter:—the good, credulous gentleman says \*, ‘I see multitudes doing *our work*, whilst they imagine that they are acting against us. They are preparing the way for that simple system of Christianity which we profess.’ In the same happy and enviable temper of undaunted hope, the easy Doctor goes on to comfort himself and his colleagues as follows:—‘When I see numbers of churches building throughout the country, my first impression is,—how error is supported! But when I look further, I consider that they are all building for *us*!’ By the way, we cannot refrain from just hinting to this all-believing teacher of unbelief, that it will be more seemly for Unitarians to talk of filling *all the churches* in the land, when they have made some little progress towards filling *their own chapels*. Meantime, and while compelled to confess that by far the larger number of their places of assembly are fallen into a condition of ‘deplorable desolation’, the announcement that ‘all the new churches’ are building for Unitarians, is very likely to excite even more laughter in the world than it did in the Town Hall at Salford.

Though somewhat of a digression, we have introduced the above reference to the ‘new churches’, with the view of preparing our readers properly to receive an assertion soon afterwards made by the same reverend gentleman, who assures us, that ‘those who have examined the work of Mr. Ellis on the South Sea Islands (“*Polynesian Researches*”) may perceive, that in them, the principles of Unitarianism are essentially taught!’ Let the reader hear and digest this assertion! We can think of it in no other way than as an instance either of sheer effrontery or of enormous infatuation; and can only admire the discretion of whoever prepared the Report for the press, in allowing any such preposterous nonsense to meet the eye of the public.† What is meant by a man’s being driven to a miserable shift? Something surely like this. A leader of Unitarianism is called upon to make an animating speech at a public dinner. It comes in his way to allude to the missions of

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\* Report of the Proceedings at the last Manchester Unitarian Meeting, page 8.

† It should just be said, that the reverend gentleman addressed the meeting *after dinner*; and we have good authority for believing, that the professors of ‘a cheerful, enlightened, and benevolent religion’, are no contemners of ‘good eating and drinking.’

the present day. But those around him well know, that Unitarians have nothing to do with these Christian enterprises. What remains then for him to say about them? Why this; that the preachers of the doctrine of the Trinity, are 'essentially 'teaching the simple principles of Unitarianism!'

Such are the facts. Let them for a moment be viewed in that light in which they will appear to posterity, supposing Unitarianism to be Christianity. In that case, it will stand on the page of Church history, for the astonishment and scandal of all thoughtful minds,—first, that the fanatical and deluded professors of a corrupt and idolatrous creed were the men to originate and carry on perseveringly the truly Christian enterprise of turning the nations from their superstitions; and that in this enterprise they were conspicuously recognized and prospered by Heaven. And secondly, that the only true Christians of the missionary age, were the *only men* who took no part in the work;—that, of these true Christians, the majority openly opposed the undertaking, 'looked upon it with apathy or scorn', and 'met an application for aid with a smile of astonishment';—in such sort that the confession was wrung from the chiefs of the party, that 'the spirit of Unitarians' (the only Christians) 'is *not a missionary spirit*,' and that they are 'sufficiently indifferent whether other men and nations partake of the blessings of the Gospel, or not'! These are the facts which are even now going down to the ears of posterity. Upon the unalterable page of history it is even now being written, that the attempt to propagate Christianity, is scorned and denounced by the only men of the times, according to their own account, who possess the doctrine of Him that said, 'Go ye out into all 'the world, and preach the Gospel'!

To insist upon the inference against the pretensions of Unitarianism, furnished by this state of things, is not our purpose. But we say, that the man upon whom the edge of that inference falls, is, if conscious of its force, one of the most wretched of his species; or if not, one of the most infatuated. We will take up the only two suppositions that the case admits of. The Unitarian minister is either himself indifferent to the propagation of the Gospel, or, being zealous for it, he finds himself in a party that can by none of his eloquence be roused to give him efficient aid. For the first case:—it is true, that a layman, who has nothing to do with religion but to sit his hour once a week in his pew, may be very tranquil and very well satisfied with himself, even in the consciousness of an utter indifference,—an absolute destitution of Christian zeal. But it can never be so with a public functionary. Nothing can render the constant performance of religious services before a small and lifeless congregation, by one who is himself devoid of zeal, otherwise

than insufferably burdensome ;—nothing, we say, but large or *secure* secular advantages. For the sake, or, to use a phrase proper to a mereantile transaction, for the *consideration of a* thousand per annum, or of even two hundred absolutely unalienable, a man may courageously bear himself through the irksome formalities of public devotion. Not so the starveling, who, if he displease his employers, may be discharged from his pulpit, and lose his morsel of bread. To such a one, disheartened and anxious, the conscious want of religious zeal, and the conspicuous inefficiency of all his performances, will be enough to afflict him with an unutterable disgust. And a tenfold force will belong to this inward misgiving in times like the present. We think we are not miscalculating upon the invariable principles of human nature, when we say, that all the zeal, and disinterested activity, and self-denying diligence, and gladsome excitement, which are now stirring among the better part of the clergy of all denominations, (except the Unitarian,) must press as an adverse power upon the self-condemned heart of the man who feels himself alive to no kindred emotions, and can take no part in all that is doing. We repeat it, that a clergyman, consciously destitute of zeal, who might have been contented or tranquil fifty years ago, can now do nothing but abhor the profession to which he is devoted.

But let us look at the other supposition,—the case of a Unitarian minister, for example, like the writer from whom we have made frequent quotations in the course of this article.—He feels in all its force the unquestionable truth, that Christianity is essentially an invasive, expansive doctrine ;—he confesses that something, nay, much must be wrong in its professors, if their spirit be not a missionary spirit ;—he admits, that those (whatever errors they may fall into) who are actually going forth to preach the Gospel to the heathen, are most happily, most consistently, most nobly employed ;—he cannot but grant that, though scoffed at by the scoffers of their times, posterity will do them justice, and call them the most heroic of philanthropists ;—nay, that Heaven will confess them as its servants ;—he would fain, spite of the corruptions to which they adhere, take part with them in their labours ;—he steps forward :—but his companionship is avoided. (May it ever be so !) Those who are zealously propagating the Gospel of God their Saviour, shrink with fear from contact with the impugner of its capital doctrines. (May they ever, *and on all occasions*, so draw back !) Rejected, he turns towards the men of his party. He sees them affluent and well-informed, but, alas ! utterly destitute of any motive powerful enough to command labours, sufferings, or contributions in the cause of the Gospel ; or worse,—they are sarcastically hostile to the visionary and



'useless crusade of the times.' Scarcely one lay Unitarian in a hundred confesses a zeal like his own; and nothing could be more preposterous than to hope, that the party at large should be moved to bring forward their twenty or fifty thousand pounds per annum, for the support of a religious undertaking. What but an utter despondency, what but an anguish of sorrow, belongs then, in this age of religious zeal, to the zealous Unitarian minister? What can be added to the discomfort of his lot,—unless it be the dark surmises which naturally spring from the perplexity of his position, and the faintness which that perplexity forces on his heart? 'After all,' must he be tempted to say, 'is this Christianity, which proves itself to be 'potent only when corrupted, and becomes utterly effete when 'pure, worth the spending of life, fortune, family welfare, talents, 'reputation, in its service? Why occupy a life in attempting 'to purge the feculence of a system which, when thoroughly 'purged, lies motionless as a corpse? Does Heaven indeed 'demand so large a sacrifice to so little purpose?—Racking 'and interminable questions! Wretched condition of inextricable doubt! Better than endure it, to plunge into the oblivious flood of absolute and universal scepticism. Pursue but 'a few steps further the path of disbelief; reject altogether 'this cumbrous supernatural scheme, and then, though perplexities enough may still hang in the way, they are no longer 'the peculiar burden of *individuals*. They darken indeed the 'path of humanity, but rest not as a reproach, and a snare, and 'a curse, upon a single head: they are no longer the scandal of 'him who, with a luckless presumption, has assumed office 'among men as the interpreter of God.'

We have now only to repeat the proposition which has served us as a text; that, viewed on every side, secular, professional, and spiritual, the lot of an English Unitarian minister is, beyond all comparison,—wretched. Or may we not add the expression of a wish,—prompted, we hope, by no other feeling than that of Christian kindness,—that the infelicity we have described might be exchanged for the joys and successes of a better course!

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Art. II. *A Dissertation on the Geography of Herodotus, with a Map*—*Researches into the History of the Scythians, Getæ, and Sarmatians.* Translated from the German of B. G. Niebuhr. 8vo. pp. 88. Oxford, 1830.

WE have not unfrequently been withheld from taking in hand an important book, perhaps on some favourite subject, by the feeling that we could not do it justice without protracted

dissertation, combined with the apprehension that such investigations, how gratifying soever to our own partialities and propensities, might not be equally acceptable to a majority of our readers. It has seemed to us that there could be no fair medium between entire neglect and an ample and critical exposition of its character and bearing. We suspect that we may have carried this rather too far in particular instances, and that we have sometimes altogether passed by a work of learned investigation, as requiring a more extended notice than was consistent with our plan and limits, when it might have been expedient at least to indicate the nature and extent of the information comprised in it. We shall begin our reformation in this respect, by noticing a book which we had nearly thrown aside in utter despair of bringing within any reasonable bounds, the inquiries which it suggests. Instead of covering our table with Larcher, Rennel, Schweighæuser, and other critics who have illustrated Herodotus and his geography, and entering on the attractive investigations connected with the subject,—attractive at least to the student, if not to the general reader,—we shall confine ourselves to a brief statement of what has been effected in the slender volume before us.

M. Niebuhr treats somewhat slightly the scientific knowledge of Herodotus, and expresses his conviction, that he had not, in that respect, kept pace with the advance of the great mathematicians of his day. To them, many of his notions—such for instance as the boundless level of the earth's surface—must have appeared 'simple and illiterate'. His business was, to tell a clear and eloquent tale; to communicate that which he had seen and heard; and if, in the course of his narration, scientific difficulties came in his way, he was by no means held bound to their solution; and he either avoided them, or, in nautical phrase, 'carried through all'.

'It is evident, without further inquiry or proof, that Herodotus considered the earth to be a plane. His notions, however, respecting the causes of the varieties of climate are by no means equally clear: so much so, that to a person who does not perceive their singular simplicity, the passages where they occur are wholly unintelligible. Severity and mildness of climate are, in his opinion, peculiar properties of countries, in the same way as fertility or barrenness of soil; he derives the nature of the climate from the winds, which he considers as an inherent quality of the air; an opinion by no means peculiar to Herodotus, but generally prevalent in his time.'

The winds in the regions bordering on the Mediterranean exhibit, in fact, many phenomena with which northern countries are either wholly unacquainted, or which are known to them only partially. Their local peculiarities are so strongly

marked, in certain instances, as almost to justify the Greeks in their cherished notion, that the winds were *powers* resident in particular spots, and exercising their influence within a prescribed sphere. In winter, says Herodotus, the icy gales drive the sun from his course, into his summer dwelling, and a more genial season invites him back. In other matters, his notions are equally vague. He knew that the Atlantic lay to the west; but he leaves it undecided, whether Europe, to the north and east, is surrounded with the ocean. He appears to include within European limits, the whole of Northern Asia; of which, again, he seems to make the Caspian Sea and the Araxes the upper limit. Nor is he less at fault concerning the western boundaries of Europe: the Pillars of Hercules do not mark it, since he carries the Celts far beyond them, placing that race to the westward of the Cynetes, who are beyond the Iberi. 'To have recourse', writes M. Niebuhr, 'to the little tribe of the Celtici in Lusitania, in order to get at a Celtic people whose real geographical situation might correspond to that imagined by Herodotus, is a striking instance of that false style of criticism which will always suppose the writer to be in the situation of his reader.'

These notices may convey some notion of the manner in which M. Niebuhr investigates the remaining portions of the Geography of Herodotus; not for the purpose of reconciling it with more correct systems, but in order to display it as actually exhibited by the Father of history. It is to be regretted that his survey is so rapid and cursory; but, such as it is, it will be found highly interesting and worthy of its Author. The map, roughly executed in lithography, exhibiting the results of his investigation, is curious enough, as shewing how little had been done in that day, and how much has been effected since.

The 'Researches into the History of the Scythians, Getæ, and Sarmatians,' is a more complete inquiry, and affords a characteristic specimen of the Author's skill in these most difficult investigations. The matter here compressed into some forty or fifty pages, might have been spun out by a mere son of labour into a quarto; but its very density renders analysis impracticable, and we shall say nothing more of it, than that, while it throws much light upon difficulties connected with the statements of Herodotus, it will be found to furnish important elucidation of general history.



Art. III. *The History of the Netherlands.* By Thomas Colley Grattan. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 358. (Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.) London, 1830.

**THIS** is a well-timed and well-written volume. The history of the Netherlands, although destitute of the romantic interest attaching to the deeds of antient times, or to the story of revolutions laid in scenes consecrated to the imagination by the poet, and rich with picturesque associations, forms one of the most instructive sections of the general history of human society. It is essentially, as Mr. Grattan remarks, the history of a patient and industrious population struggling against every obstacle which nature could oppose to its well-being; and, in this contest, man triumphed most completely over the elements in those places where they offered the greatest resistance.

'This extraordinary result was due to the hardy stamp of character imprinted by suffering and danger on those who had the ocean for their foe; to the nature of their country, which presented no lure for conquest; and finally to the toleration, the justice, and the liberty nourished among men left to themselves, and who found resources in their social state, which rendered change neither an object of their wants nor (of their) wishes.' p. 4.

Nor is this the only point of view in which the history of this least picturesque of countries, commends itself to our attention by its intrinsic moral interest. As Englishmen and as Protestants, we are bound to its inhabitants by strong hereditary ties. They were our predecessors in the struggle for civil and religious liberty; they afforded an asylum to our own expatriated reformers and patriots; they supplied with fresh oil the dying lamp of learning; and as the House of Hainault, in the days of our Edwards, had furnished the court of England with one of the most enlightened princesses of her age, the patroness of Froissart, so, in later times, to an alliance with the house of Orange, the people of England owe the establishment of their constitutional freedom. The antiquity of the Houses of Bourbon, Hapsburgh, and Brunswick, it has been remarked, is perhaps, equal, to that of the House of Orange. In every other respect, except in the magnitude of their dominions, they are its inferiors. 'To have been the principal instruments in rescuing Holland from the blind and brutal despotism of Old Spain, and in the deliverance of England from the tyranny of the Stuarts, is the peculiar distinction of the princes of the House of Orange, and reflects more glory upon them than could have been derived from the most extensive conquests.

'There is no single family to whom the civilized world is so largely indebted.\*'

Mr. Grattan has evidently taken some pains to reduce to order and distinctness, the complicated and obscure details of the early history of the Netherlands; that is to say, from B.C. 50, down to the twelfth century. But it is with the fourteenth century, that the history of the nation properly commences. By the beginning of that century, the gilden, or trades, had become more powerful than the feudal nobility; and the great mass of the nation, emerging from the wretchedness into which they had been plunged by the Roman invasion, had acquired sufficient strength and freedom to form an efficient political force.

'It is remarkable, that the same results took place in all the counties or dukedoms of the Lowlands precisely at the same period. In fact, if we start from the year 1200 on this interesting inquiry, we shall see the commons attacking, in the first place the petty feudal lords, and next the counts and the dukes themselves, as often as justice was denied them. In 1257, the peasants of Holland and the burghers of Utrecht proclaimed freedom and equality, drove out the Bishop and the nobles, and began a memorable struggle which lasted full two hundred years. In 1260, the towns-people of Flanders appealed to the King of France against the decrees of their Count, who ended the quarrel by the loss of his country. In 1303, Mechlin and Louvain, the chief towns of Brabant, expelled the patrician families. A coincidence like this cannot be attributed to trifling or partial causes, such as the misconduct of a single count, or other local evil; but to a great general movement in the popular mind, the progress of agriculture and industry in the whole country, superinducing an increase of wealth and intelligence, which, when unrestrained by the influence of a corrupt government, most naturally lead to the liberty and the happiness of a people.

'The weaving of woollen and linen cloths was one of the chief sources of this growing prosperity. A prodigious quantity of cloth and linen was manufactured in all parts of the Netherlands. The maritime prosperity acquired an equal increase by the carrying trade, both in imports and exports. Whole fleets of Dutch and Flemish merchant ships repaired regularly to the coasts of Spain and Languedoc. Flanders was already become the great market for England and all the north of Europe. The great increase of population forced all parts of the country into cultivation; so much so, that lands were in those times sold at a high price, which are to-day left waste from imputed sterility.' p. 36.

It is thus that, on every coast, the development of man's moral energies produced by mercantile industry, has created free municipal communities, the germs of future nations, although

\* Edinb. Rev. No. CII. p. 422.

sometimes doomed to perish before they have attained their full political growth. The history of the Netherlands is, with circumstantial variations, the history of the Italian Republics, the history of England, the history of the American Federacy. Too frequently the mutual jealousies of neighbouring and rival cities have terminated in the loss of the freedom and independence they had achieved ; and it would seem to require the pressure of a common danger, or a common oppression, to consolidate them into one political body. Too feeble in themselves, insulated commonwealths have rapidly declined from the zenith of their prosperity, a prey to intestine factions which have invited a conqueror, or the victims of mutual jealousy. In this way, Thebes, Tyre, Cyrene, Carthage, Genoa, and Venice, have been overthrown. It was a fortunate circumstance, that the several towns of the Netherlands were early taught by salutary reverses the absolute necessity of a federal union. In the contest which took place, in 1323, between the burghers of Bruges and Count Louis, Ghent, actuated by the jealousy which at all times existed between its citizens and those of the former city, stood aloof. The consequence was, that the burghers of Bruges were obliged to come to a compromise with the Count, and subsequently, on a new quarrel, were almost overwhelmed and destroyed at the battle of Cassel. The lesson was not lost upon the rival cities ; and a general insurrection, aided by an English alliance, a few years afterwards, established the independence of Flanders. When Edward III. landed at Antwerp, to assert his claim to the French crown, he was joined by the Flemings with 60,000 men ; and when the English and French fleets met near Sluys, in a fierce encounter meant to be decisive of the war, a Flemish squadron, hastening to the aid of the English, secured to them the long doubtful victory. A Flemish army covered the siege of Calais in 1348 ; and, under the command of Giles de Rypergherste, a mere weaver of Ghent, they beat the Dauphin in a pitched battle. On the withdrawal of the English, Count Louis de Mâle made an effort to re-establish his former authority ; and he succeeded in gaining over to his views not only all the nobles, but many of the most influential guilds, or trades.

‘ Ghent, which long resisted his attempts, was at length reduced by famine ; and the Count projected the ruin, or at least the total subjection of this turbulent town. A son of Artaveldt started forth at this juncture, when the popular cause seemed lost ; and joining with his fellow citizens John Lyons and Peter du Bois, he led 7000 resolute burghers against 40,000 feudal vassals. He completely defeated the Count, and took the town of Bruges, where Louis de Mâle only obtained safety by hiding himself under the bed of an old woman who gave him shelter. Thus, once more, feudality was defeated in a



fresh struggle with civic freedom. The consequences of this event were immense. They reached to the very heart of France, where the people bore in great discontent the feudal yoke; and Froissart declares, that the success of the people of Ghent had nearly overthrown the superiority of the nobility over the people of France.

Under the dominion of the powerful house of Burgundy, in the fifteenth century, the cause of popular liberty experienced a considerable decline. Flanders, however, strictly preserved its republican institutions, although intestine quarrels, the result of the yet unextinguished municipal jealousies, enabled Philip of Burgundy to divide and successively conquer the two chief cities. Ghent, whose citizens had aided the Duke in subduing and punishing the men of Bruges, was in its turn oppressed and punished for having resisted the payment of some new tax; and being unsupported by the rest of Flanders, was, after a struggle of two years, compelled to yield with the loss of its principal privileges. During these transactions, the provinces of Holland and Zealand were rising in wealth and importance; and although their wars with the Hanseatic towns, and the naval operations of the French, in the war between Charles V. and Francis I., retarded their prosperity, they were destined to become the most wealthy and powerful, and to maintain their independence when Flanders fell under the iron yoke of Spain.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, however, the southern provinces were the most flourishing. Antwerp had succeeded to Bruges as the general mart of commerce, and was the most opulent town of the north of Europe. Flanders alone was taxed for one-third of the general burdens of the State, and Brabant paid only one-seventh less than Flanders; so that these two rich provinces furnished thirteen out of twenty-one parts of the general contribution. The opulence of the towns of Brabant and Flanders was without any previous example in the history of Europe. This opulence entailed excessive luxury, which naturally led to great corruption of manners. 'During the reign of Philip de Mâle, there were committed in the city of Ghent and its outskirts, in less than a year, above 1400 murders in gambling-houses and other resorts of debauchery.' At the same time, literature and the arts were making considerable progress.

Painting, which had languished before the fifteenth century, sprung at once into a new existence from the invention of John Van Eyck, known better by the name of John of Bruges. His accidental discovery of the art of painting in oil, quickly spread over Europe, and served to perpetuate to all time the records of the genius which has bequeathed its vivid impressions to the world. Painting on glass, polishing diamonds, the Carillon, lace, and tapestry, were among the at-

ventions which owed their birth to the Netherlands in these ages, when the faculties of mankind sought so many new channels for mechanical development. The discovery of a new world by Columbus and other eminent navigators, gave a fresh and powerful impulse to European talent, by affording an immense reservoir for its reward. The town of Antwerp was, during the reign of Charles V., the outlet for the industry of Europe, and the receptacle for the productions of all the nations of the earth. Its port was so often crowded with vessels, that each successive fleet was obliged to wait long in the Scheldt, before it could obtain admission for the discharge of its cargoes. The university of Louvain, that great nursery of science, was founded in 1425, and served greatly to (promote) the spread of knowledge, although it degenerated into the hotbed of those fierce disputes which stamped on theology the degradation of bigotry, and drew down odium on a study that, if purely practised, ought only to inspire veneration.—pp. 77, 8.

The Netherlands were never in a more flourishing state, than at the accession of the ferocious son of Charles V., the execrable Philip II. But, in the political union of their country to Spain, how was it not foreseen that their ruin was certainly involved? It was like placing Switzerland at the mercy of Austria, or Greece in the grasp of Turkey; it was, in fact, placing Europe under the dominion of Africa; and the Saracen would have been a less intolerant and ferocious tyrant, than the Christian Spaniard. Spain, Mr. Grattan correctly remarks,

'was, at this period, in some degree excluded from European civilization. A contest of seven centuries, between the Mahomedan tribes and the descendants of the Visigoths, cruel, like all civil wars, and, like all those of religion, not merely a contest of rulers, but essentially of the people, had given to the manners and feelings of this unhappy country a deep stamp of barbarity. The ferocity of military chieftains had become the basis of the government and laws. The Christian kings had adopted the perfidious and bloody system of the despotic sultans they replaced. Magnificence and tyranny, power and cruelty, wisdom and dissimulation, respect and fear, were inseparably associated in the minds of a people so governed. They comprehended nothing in religion but a God armed with omnipotence and vengeance, or in politics, but a king as terrible as the deity he represented.'—p. 70.

Yet, had the people of the Netherlands been true to themselves, they might, by timely resistance, have shaken off the yoke of their perfidious tyrant. But changes had been going forward in society, which unhappily prepared the way for the execution of his well-laid designs, in which was embraced the total extinction of the national liberties, civil as well as religious. The Belgian clergy, alarmed at the progress of the doctrines of the Reformation, gathered more closely round the Government, to which they could alone look for support. The nobles had lost much of their attachment to liberty, and had become

in various ways dependent upon the royal favour. The commons were in part corrupted by luxury, in part divided by religious animosities. A new system of ecclesiastical organization, sanctioned by the Pope, at which the clergy murmured, but submitted, enabled Philip to wield the whole power of the church by means of prelates of his own appointment, the mere creatures of the crown, and the ready tools of intolerance. In Granvelle, Archbishop of Mechlin, he found a Laud, whom he was compelled so far to sacrifice to the popular voice, before his plans were ripe, as to recal him from the helm of government, but not to abandon him to the fate he merited. The unrelenting despot was not, however, to be diverted from his purpose. His secret instructions remained unrevoked; and he issued fresh orders to have the edicts against heresy put into most rigorous execution, and to proclaim through the seventeen provinces the furious decree of the Council of Trent.

And now in reality commenced (A.D. 1566.) the awful struggle which in a few years converted a flourishing and happy country into a scene of conflict, massacre, and desolation. 'In the midst of European civilization, the wickedness of one prince drew down on the country he misgoverned, more evils than it had suffered for centuries from the worst effects of its foreign foes.' We must refrain from entering upon the history of the Revolution, of which Mr. Grattan has given us a succinct and spirited outline. There are some circumstances connected with its commencement, however, of which we must regret that we have no clear and satisfactory account. Mosheim, in the very brief reference he makes to the tumultuous proceedings of the iconoclasts, is charged by his English Editor (Maclaine) with distinguishing too little between the spirit of the nobility and that of the multitude. His fault is rather, that he slurs over the transactions of this period in so vague and general a manner. We can scarcely find fault with Mr. Grattan for not more adequately discharging the duties of an ecclesiastical historian. Yet, he should have known better than to speak of 'the Anabaptists, the Calvinists, and the Lutherans', as the three sects into which the reformers were divided; or, after saying that 'their *dogmas* were nearly the same with those of the established religion of England', to add, that 'the only principle they held in common, was their hatred against Popery, the Inquisition, and Spain.' Perhaps, Mr. Grattan meant to say, that this was the only principle held in common by the insurgents, not by the three sects so inaccurately designated. All three appellations were terms of reproach, and, as such, were probably used by their enemies almost as convertible terms. In strict propriety, the terms Lutheran and Calvinist would denote simply a conformity to the Confession of Augsburg or to



the Swiss Confession. It is true, that, in the Belgic provinces, the friends of the Reformation were for some time divided between the two. It was not till the year 1571, that the Belgic Confession was adopted, when the Dutch, who before had been denominated Lutherans, assumed universally, like the French Protestants, the title of Reformed. 'So long as they were subject to the Spanish yoke', says Mosheim, 'the fear of exposing themselves to the displeasure of their sovereign, induced them to avoid the title of Reformed, and to call themselves Associates of the Brethren of the Confession of Augsburg; for the Lutherans were esteemed by the Spanish Court, much better subjects than the disciples of Calvin, who, on account of the tumults which had lately prevailed in France, were supposed to have a greater propensity to mutiny and sedition.' \*

'It requires no profound research,' remarks Mr. Grattan, 'to comprehend the impulse which leads a horde of fanatics to the most monstrous excesses. That the deeds of the iconoclasts arose from the spontaneous outburst of mere vulgar fury, admits of no doubt.' We differ altogether from the Writer. Fury is blind, and there is nothing to wonder at in its excesses; but fury is still an effect not unconnected with some adequate exciting cause. And when we are told that a band of mere peasants, and beggars, and vagabonds, urged by only the basest passions, proceeded to demolish with rapidity, order, and simultaneous zeal, 'the types' of an abhorred idolatry, which was identified with all the atrocities of the most barbarous intolerance and oppression,—and this, so far as appears, unaccompanied with any deeds of personal violence or private rapine,—we feel that the two parts of the statement do not hang together; that the latter part refutes the former. It is not thus that beggars and vagabonds do their work. Nor could 400 churches be pillaged in Flanders and Brabant by a band of this description. It is little short of ridiculous to describe in this manner, a deliberate national movement, instigated by a maddening oppression. The beggars (*Gueux*) of the Netherlands, were something better than either fanatics or vagabonds. The whole of the statements relating to the 'apostles of calvinism,' 'the field preachings,' &c., given on the authority of Vandervynet, are liable to similar exception. The facts and the language in which they are given, do not agree; and we seem to be reading an apology for Philip. Some further light may be thrown upon these disorders, by bringing into juxtaposition, two statements which are widely separated in Mr. Grattan's narrative, although the facts cannot be regarded as unconnected.

\* Mosheim's Eccl. Hist., B. IV. Sect. iii. Part 2. ¶ 22.

'The Prince of Orange, stadtholder of Holland, Zealand, and Utrecht, and the Count of Egmont, governor of Flanders and Artois, permitted no persecutions in those five provinces.' p. 93.

'Above four hundred churches were pillaged in Flanders and Brabant. Zealand, Utrecht, and others of the northern provinces, suffered more or less. *Friesland, Guelders, and Holland alone escaped*; and even the latter but in partial instances.' p. 116.

Thus, in the provinces chiefly occupied by the Calvinists, there were fewer disorders than in the southern provinces, in which the Lutherans abounded; and the tumults were nearly, if not altogether confined to those parts which had been the scene of the most atrocious persecutions, under the authority of the new bishops.

There is a paragraph at p. 93, which might as well have been omitted. When Mr. Grattan speaks of 'the rigid enthusiasm of Calvin' as leading to austerity which disgusted many, he only echoes absurdities which no authority can make respectable. We had always imagined that austerities were a distinguishing feature of that system which Calvin laboured to over-turn. The Reformer certainly taught a purer and more rigid system of morals, than consisted with the celibacy of a dissolute priesthood and the convenient doctrines of Penance and Indulgences. But Mr. Grattan can hardly mean to cast reproach upon the Calvinists, for substituting the austerity of a virtuous life for the austerities of the monastery, and the exhortations of the pulpit for the polluting disclosures of the confessional. There is some truth in the remark, that 'it was a matter of great difficulty, to convince the people that popery was absurd, and at the same time to set limits to its absurdity.' Yet, a Protestant historian ought not to have overlooked the important fact, that what chiefly characterized the new doctrines, was the direct appeal to the Scriptures as the ultimate standard and authority in all matters of faith.

History affords few examples of a reign of terror and cold-blooded cruelty, that can be paralleled with the six years during which the infamous Duke of Alva acted as the fell executioner of Philip's insatiate vengeance. It is the recorded boast of the monster himself, that he caused 18,000 inhabitants of the Low Countries, within that time, to perish by the hands of the executioner. It would be impossible to estimate the numbers who perished in other ways. Queen Elizabeth opened all the ports of her kingdom to the Flemish refugees who evaded the furious edicts of Alva against emigration; and many of them escaped to this country, bringing with them those stores of manufacturing knowledge which are the elements of national wealth. The whole extent of the Netherlands was devoted to carnage and ruin; and even Philip himself was at length dissatisfied with

the barbarous and rapacious conduct of his agent. Alva was superseded in 1573, but not till his exactions had excited a general revolt, which issued in the independence of the Seven United Provinces. The States General were convened by the Prince of Orange early in 1580. A hundred and nine years after, the Stadtholder of Holland was called to the throne of England.

We must pass over the events of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and transcribe Mr. Grattan's account of the composition of the present kingdom of the Netherlands, which has been accounted the best legacy of the Congress of Vienna.

Holland, wrenched from the Spanish yoke by the genius and courage of the early princes of Orange, had formed for two centuries an independent republic, to which the extension of maritime commerce had given immense wealth. The form of government was remarkable. It was composed of seven provinces, mutually independent of each other. These provinces possessed, during the middle ages, constitutions nearly similar to that of England: a sovereign with limited power; representatives of the nobles and commons, whose concurrence with the prince was necessary for the formation of laws; and, finally, the existence of municipal privileges, which each town preserved and extended by means of its proper force. This state of things had known but one alteration, but that a mighty one;—the forfeiture of Philip II. at the latter end of the sixteenth century, and the total abolition of monarchical power.

The remaining forms of the government were hardly altered; so that the state was wholly regulated by its ancient usages; and, like some Gothic edifice, its beauty and solidity were perfectly original, and different from the general rules and modern theories of surrounding nations. The country loved its liberty such as it found it, and not in the fashion of any Utopian plan traced by some new-fangled system of political philosophy. Inherently protestant and commercial, the Dutch abhorred every yoke but that of their own laws, of which they were proud even in their abuse. They held in particular detestation all French customs, in remembrance of the wretchedness they had suffered from French tyranny; they had unbounded confidence in the House of Orange, from long experience of its hereditary virtues. The main strength of Holland was, in fact, in its recollections; but these, perhaps, generated a germ of discontent, in leading it to expect a revival of all the influence it had lost, and was little likely to recover, in the total change of systems and the variations of trade. There nevertheless remained sufficient capital in the country, and the people were sufficiently enlightened, to give just and extensive hope for the future which now dawned on them. The obstacles offered by the Dutch character to the proposed union, were chiefly to be found in the dogmatical opinions consequent on the isolation of the country from all the principles that actuated other states, and particularly that with which it was now joined; while long-cherished sentiments of opposition to the



catholic religion, was little likely to lead to feelings of accommodation and sympathy with its new fellow-citizens.

The inhabitants of Belgium, accustomed to foreign domination, were little shocked by the fact of the allied powers having disposed of their fate without consulting their wishes. But they were not so indifferent to the double discovery of finding themselves the subjects of a Dutch and a Protestant King. Without entering at large into any invidious discussion on the causes of the natural jealousy which they felt towards Holland, it may suffice to state, that such did exist, and in no very moderate degree. The countries had hitherto had but little community of interests with each other; and they formed elements so utterly discordant as to afford but slight hope that they would speedily coalesce. The lower classes of the Belgian population were ignorant as well as superstitious; and if they were averse to the Dutch, they were, perhaps, not more favourably disposed to the French and Austrians. The majority of the nobles may be said to have leaned more, at this period, to the latter, than to either of the other two people. But the great majority of the industrious and better informed portions of the middle orders felt differently from the other two, because they had found tangible and positive advantages in their subjection to France, which overpowered every sentiment of political degradation.

We thus see that there was little sympathy between the members of the national family. The first glance at the geographical position of Holland and Belgium, might lead to a belief that their interests were analogous. But we have traced the anomalies in government and religion in the two countries, which led to totally different pursuits and feelings. Holland had sacrificed manufactures to commerce. The introduction, duty free, of grain from the northern parts of Europe, though checking the progress of agriculture, had not prevented it to flourish (from flourishing) marvellously, considering this obstacle to culture; and, faithful to their traditional notions, the Dutch saw the elements of well-being, only in that liberty of importation which had made their harbours the marts and magazines of Europe. But the Belgian, to use the expressions of an acute and well-informed writer, (Abbé de Pradt,) "restricted in the thrall of a less liberal religion, is bounded in the narrow circle of his actual locality. Concentrated in his home, he does not look beyond the limits of his native land, which he regards exclusively. Incurious, and stationary in a happy existence, he has no interest in what passes beyond his own doors."

Totally unaccustomed to the free principles of trade, so cherished by the Dutch, the Belgians had found, under the protection of the French custom-house laws, an internal commerce and agricultural advantages which composed their peculiar prosperity. They found a consumption for the produce of their well-cultivated lands, at high prices, in the neighbouring provinces of France. The webs woven by the Belgian peasantry, and generally all the manufactures of the country, met no rivalry from those of England, which were strictly prohibited; and being commonly superior to those of France, the sale was sure, and the profit considerable.

Belgium was as naturally desirous of this state of things, as Holland was indifferent to it; but it could only have been accomplished (main-

tained?) by the destruction of free trade, and the exclusive protection of internal manufactures. Under such discrepancies as we have thus traced, in religion, character, and local interests, the two countries were made one; and on the new monarch devolved the hard and delicate task of reconciling each party in the ill-assorted match, and inspiring them with sentiments of mutual moderation.' pp. 339—342.

In the execution of this delicate task, it is generally admitted, the enlightened and benevolent monarch has acquitted himself with signal prudence and moderation; while his personal character entitles him to the esteem of all classes of his subjects. But the ingratitude and suspicion which led his great ancestor to quit Flanders in disgust, and to abandon the Flemings to the Spanish yoke, while, at the call of the people, he assumed the sovereignty of the United Provinces,—would seem still to characterize the feelings of the Belgians towards the House of Orange. Occasions of dissatisfaction have, indeed, been afforded by some acts of the Government. The interference with the Catholic seminaries, is one of the main grounds of the discontent which has prevailed among the Catholics of Belgium. All theological students, candidates for the priesthood, in the universities of Louvain, Liege, and Ghent, were at first required to pass through the Philosophical College at Louvain, which was under the control of the Government. This regulation was strongly remonstrated against by the Catholic hierarchy, as imposing improper conditions upon the young men, of whose fitness for the priesthood, the Catholic Church claimed to be the judge. It was so far altered at the period of concluding the Concordat with the Pope in June 1827, that the College of Louvain was declared to be 'merely facultative, not obligatory'; and by an ordinance of June 20, 1829, the Catholic bishops were permitted again to open their seminaries, subject to certain regulations prescribed by the King. These new regulations, however, have failed to give satisfaction; the Catholics alleging, that they are still in effect obliged to conform their education to the system of the College of Louvain. They complain too of the refusal of admission to the priesthood, of such as have been educated out of the kingdom\*. The system of interference on which the Government has acted towards the Catholic Church, seems at first view to be impolitic, although it may be justified by the peculiar circumstances of the country; but the attention paid to the Universities in general, and the anxiety displayed by the King for their prosperity, are, at all events, facts well known and highly honourable.

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\* See an interesting article on the Present State of the Netherlands, in the Foreign Quarterly Review, No. X. p. 399.

The marked preference of Hollanders to Belgians in all offices, civil and military, is another grievance of which the jealous Catholics loudly complain. A more general ground of complaint was afforded by some attacks upon the freedom of the press; but the popular excitement produced by these proceedings led to the enactment of a new law of the press, passed on the 16th of May 1829, to the perfect satisfaction of the nation at large, whereby the liberty of discussion is secured to us full an extent as it is enjoyed in our own country. On the 11th of December of the same year, however, a royal message was brought down to the Chambers, recommending the enactment of a new law, virtually repealing that of the 16th of May, on the ground that, 'far from answering its intention,' that enactment had 'been followed by gross abuses, given rise to a great number of offences, multiplied uneasiness and suspicions, and served 'as a pretext for sowing disunion.' Irritated at this fresh attempt to put down the expression of public opinion, the liberal party became more violent than ever in their opposition to the ministers who were held responsible for this obnoxious and sinister measure.

The exclusive use of the Dutch language in the States-General, in the courts of justice, and on all public occasions over which the Government has a control, is also highly offensive to the Belgians, to whom the long connexion with France has rendered the Flemish itself almost a foreign tongue. The Flemish dialect, moreover, differs so much from the Dutch, that the latter is scarcely more intelligible to the common people, than the French, which is spoken to a considerable extent even among the inferior classes. The choice of a court language must surely belong to the prerogatives of the Sovereign. As to the language employed in the judicial tribunals, it does not appear absolutely necessary that it should be the same throughout the kingdom;—at least, in the inferior courts, the vernacular language ought to have the preference. But French is, after all, scarcely less a foreign language in Belgium than the Spanish, the language of its former sovereigns, or than the English, which is being widely diffused by our Travellers and our literature.

Such are the principal sources of the discontent which has long been smouldering in the southern provinces, and which, if not the immediate cause of the recent popular tumults at Brussels, seems to have taken advantage of the explosion. Nothing short of the separation of the two divisions of the kingdom, is now demanded by the malcontents. Their wholesale demands go, in fact, far beyond this, and are of a description which no Government could listen to; but it appears, that the general principle of separation has found an advocate in the



Prince of Orange himself, and it is expected that it will be recognized by the States-General. We confess that we do not see in what way the separation would tend to remedy any of the grievances complained of, or to promote the national prosperity. In the main constitutional questions on which the ministry and the liberals have been at issue,—the responsibility of ministers, the freedom of the press, and trial by jury,—the Hollanders and the Belgians have a common concern; nor does one portion of the nation stand at all in the way of the interests of the other, except that the Dutch are naturally more attached to the reigning family, and more averse to the French. The separation might be grateful, on religious grounds, to the Belgian Catholics, as, in Ireland, many might be glad to bring about a repeal of the Union. Yet, if the Belgian Catholics are still to acknowledge the sceptre of a Protestant King, they would gain no solid advantage by a separate Government. As to a union with France, the recent changes in that country must tend materially to lessen any desire the clergy may have entertained, to be more closely connected with that empire.

Whatever, then, may be thought of the wisdom and justice of the original policy which led to the formation of the present Kingdom of the Netherlands, we cannot but regard the clamour of the Belgian radicals for a separation, as the offspring of a mean and anti-social national jealousy, quite distinct from the spirit of liberty. Had they been, like the Genoese, betrayed to a contemptible despot, they might have reason to complain. We almost wonder, indeed, that the Congress of Vienna did not consign them to Ferdinand of Spain. As it is, their political situation more nearly resembles that of Scotland at the time of its union to this country, except that the crown does not rest upon the head of a Belgian prince. Grievances they may have to complain of, which require redress; but they can scarcely hope to change their political condition, upon the whole, for a better.

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- Art. IV. 1. *Suggestions for the Amendment of the Statutes relating to the due Observance of the Lord's Day*; in a Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P., Secretary of State for the Home Department. 8vo. pp. 40. Price 1s. London, 1830.
2. *The Christian Sabbath; its Institution and Obligation*: in a Letter occasioned by some recent Publications, and addressed to a Friend. By Richard Mant, D.D. M.R.I.A., Bishop of Down and Connor, &c. 8vo. pp. 70. Oxford, 1830.
3. *A Sermon on the Holy Authority and binding Character of the Law of the Sabbath*, with some Instances of its Grievous Profanation in

the present Day. By Herbert Smith, B.A., Curate of East Stratton, Hants. 8vo. pp. 40. London, 1830.

4. The North American Review, No. LXVIII. Article 7. *On Sunday Mails.*

**WE** rejoice to find that, both in this country and in the United States of America, the subject of the legislative enforcement of the Sabbath is beginning to excite that share of public attention which it demands. Although we have not much to add to the arguments and considerations which we laid before our readers in our Number for June last, we gladly avail ourselves of these publications, to keep the subject before the eye of the religious public, and to put to shame, if we can, the criminal supineness of those whom we have hitherto failed to impress with its importance.

We have, probably, few readers who themselves neglect the observance of the Lord's Day, or who dispute the religious obligation which Christians are under to keep the Sabbath. Many of them, however, may have had difficulties respecting the binding nature and proper interpretation of the Fourth Commandment, and its consistency with the change of the day to the first day of the week; difficulties which we have done our best to obviate. But the practical conclusion to which it has been our main object to conduct them, is the urgent necessity, as well as strict propriety, of a legislative interference to uphold and enforce the law, by which alone the observance of the Sabbath can be efficiently guarded in any country.

Against any new legislative measures for this object, we anticipate all sorts of objections from all sorts of persons,—the interested, the timid, the ultra-liberal, the irreligious, and the mistaken good. A few specimens of such objections are furnished by the opposition raised in the United States against the enforcement of the law. For instance, an American paper contains the following monitory paragraph.

‘ If Protestants wish to know what effect the prevalence of Popery in this country will have on religious Institutions which they sacredly regard, let them read the following Resolution; which is one of a series adopted a few weeks since, at a public meeting of those citizens in Mobile “opposed to the closing of stores on Sunday morning!” “Resolved, That a portion of the present meeting is composed of Roman Catholics, whose religious opinions do not compel them to close their stores or shops on Sunday;—that this custom prevails in all Catholic countries in the world;—that they have inherited these maxims from their forefathers, and are tolerated in them by their own Church;—and to this day, their conduct has never been called into question in New Orleans, the capital of our sister state of Louisiana.”’

(*Miss. Reg.* Aug. p. 384.)

To some persons, this insidious representation may appear not a little specious. It may even seem to partake of an infringement of religious liberty, that Protestants should enforce their own views and scruples relative to the observance of the Sabbath, upon these very conscientious Roman Catholics. Why should the Government, it may be said, be more strict or less tolerant with them, than their own Church, which allows them full liberty to buy and sell, and keep open their stores on the Lord's Day, provided they fast twice a week, honour the festivals appointed by the Church, are regular at confession, and pay their dues? Our reply is, that, in the first place, no man has a right to plead his conscience as a bar against the enforcement of a law which compels him to do nothing against his conscience; and secondly, that no subject of a Government has any claim to an exemption from the operation of laws having for their avowed object the general interests of the community. That the law of the Sabbath is intolerant, that it offends against any man's conscience or real interests,—can by no ingenuity be made to appear. It cannot, then, be intolerance to enforce that law; since intolerance consists in the nature of enactments, not in the execution of them. To tolerate the non-observance of the laws by any portion of the community, is not liberality, but negligence and laxity; and the magistrate who connives at the open breach of the laws, virtually reproaches the Legislature.

The representation of the Mobile Roman Catholics erroneously assumes, that the Government compels them to observe the Sabbath with a strictness not required by their own Church, and punishes them for not so observing it. It does no such thing. It leaves them to observe the day religiously, or not so to observe it, as their conscience or the Church may dictate. It tolerates their irreligion *up to the point at which it would interfere with the religion of their neighbours*; and then, it does not deal with them penally for being irreligious, but simply restrains them from breaking a salutary social compact, ratified by the State, for the general benefit of the community. The observance of the Sabbath, it is true, is far from being a mere voluntary compact: it rests upon an antecedent religious obligation, binding upon every man. Still, this does not render it less a compact between man and man, and one which it is the duty of the Government to ratify and enforce, in common with other compacts relating more immediately to social rights and possessions. The time of the labourer is as much his property as the estate of the rich man. Both are protected by the law of God; the one by the fourth, the other by the eighth commandment. If it be intolerance in the State to enforce the compact of the Sabbath, it must be equally so to enforce the compact of hereditary or other legal tenures.



In America, as in this country, the law of the Sabbath is recognised as the law of the land. The sittings of Congress and of all the State legislatures are regularly suspended on the Sunday; the courts of justice, the custom-houses, the banks, the land-offices, are all closed on that day, as well as the offices and shops of private individuals. The Post-office alone continues its labours with unremitted activity; and this exception to the rule has recently become the subject of much public attention and warm discussion. Memorials both for and against prohibiting the transportation of the mails and the distribution of letters on Sunday, have been transmitted to Congress. These have been referred to the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads; whose Report, together with a counter-report from the minority of the same Committee, have given rise to the article on Sunday Mails in the number of the *North American Review* now before us. The Committee are against any alteration in the existing practice, upon two distinct grounds: '1. The tendency of the suspension of the transportation of the mail, and of the distribution of letters on Sunday, to effect a union of Church and State.' '2. The practical inconvenience which would result from such a measure, in the diminished activity of the ordinary business of life.'

The latter objection will probably appear to the majority of our readers to be the most reasonable;—it is the only one which would be urged in this country as a serious argument. Not so, however, on the other side of the Atlantic, where abstract questions often excite a more intense interest than more tangible and practical matters. The former objection is that on which the Committee insist most strongly, and which they evidently regard as the more important of the two. It is urged, that the suspending of the transportation of the mail on the Sunday, would involve the decision of a religious question in favour of those who prefer a particular system, and would therefore come within the spirit of that clause of the Federal Constitution, which prohibits any legislative preference of one religious sect over another. It does not appear to have occurred to the Committee, that the non-suspension of the transportation of the mail would, according to their own shewing, equally involve a decision of the question at issue, the other way, in favour of the opposite party; that the system complained of is as much a violation of the spirit of the constitution, as the opposite system could be. In point of fact, in neither case has the argument any solidity.

But another argument adduced by the Committee and those who take the same side in the public journals, is to this effect; that, according to the spirit of the Constitution, a political representative ought not in any case to be guided, in the discharge of his official duties, by religious considerations;—and that 'the

‘being influenced in the exercise of temporal power by religious belief’, is ‘neither more nor less than the union of Church and State’; or, as the Reviewer would construe the latter unintelligible assertion,—‘has a tendency to bring about a union of Church and State.’ Upon this argument the Reviewer remarks as follows.

‘It is clear to us, that there is some very singular perversion of language, or obliquity of judgement, implied in these remarks, which, if taken in their natural and obvious sense, are directly at variance with the plainest suggestions of reason, and the letter and spirit of scripture. Instead of being bound to exclude all religious considerations in giving his vote upon a subject connected with religion, the representative is undoubtedly bound, on that and on every other occasion, whether of a public or a private nature, to act under the influence of religious considerations . . . Religious motives are the best under which we can possibly act, and tend of course to produce the best possible results. If one of these results be the union of Church and State, it could only be, because this union is the best of all possible modes of regulating the relations between religion and government. Hence, the Committee, in affirming that a disposition in individuals to act from religious motives, tends to bring about a union of Church and State, affirm by implication, that this union is an excellent institution; which is probably not their intention, and is, at all events, not the opinion of the people of the United States.’

The same objection, only rather modified, has sometimes been more or less obscurely urged by those persons in this country who deprecate any sort of union between Church and State. It is thought, that the enforcement of the law of the Sabbath by the magistrate, would be an act savouring of such a union. The improper union of clerical and magisterial functions in the same individual, which is, unhappily, so common among us, tends more than any thing else, perhaps, to beget this erroneous idea. But, in point of fact, the magistrate acts as purely in his civil capacity, in enforcing the legislative enactments relating to the observance of the Sabbath, as in issuing his warrant for the apprehension of a felon. He derives no portion of his authority from the Church; he acts in no respect for the Church, or as a minister or member of any church; but simply, in his executive function, as an officer of the State, whose duty it is to enforce the statute law as he finds it.

If there is any union of Church and State in the business, it must lie in the statutes themselves, and in the immemorial practice from which they have sprung. And here we find such a union of Church and State as even the objectors to whom we advert would, we presume, regret to see dissolved. Upon the Sunday, all the legislative and judicial functions of Government are suspended, for no other reason than that ours is a Christian

and a Protestant State. Our houses of parliament, our courts of justice, the public offices, the Bank, the East India House, the London Post-Office, the theatres, are all closed by this union of Church and State. The same law of the land says, that shops, and warehouses, and wharfs, and public houses shall be closed, that markets shall not be held, that waggons and droves shall not proceed. Now if this union of Church and State be good and beneficial in the former respects, as regards the suspension of public business, and the staying of criminal and civil proceedings,—it would be difficult, indeed, to shew, that it is otherwise than legitimate, expedient, and beneficial in the latter respects. The fact is, that there *must be* some public law relating to the Sabbath, and regulating its observance. The Sabbath must either be publicly recognised and upheld by the Government, or it must be formally abolished, by letting the whole business of administration, law, and trade proceed as usual. It is sheer folly and perverseness to argue on such grounds against the enforcement of the law of the Sabbath by the magistracy. The only question that merits attention, relates to the proper limit of legislative interference, the point at which the restrictive force of the law should terminate.

Religion cannot be separated from Government. The notion that it ought to be, or can be, is an infidel sophism. Whether an ecclesiastical establishment is the best means of protecting and upholding religion, is quite another question, and one wholly foreign from the subject before us. Yet, it is evident, that in America, and not less, we apprehend, in this country,—alike by the fautors and the opponents of ecclesiastical establishments,—this last question is confounded with what ought to be no question, whether the protection and upholding of religion be the duty of a Christian Legislature? With those persons who would take the negative, we have no inclination to argue.

It has afforded us the highest gratification to find the North American Review, the most ably conducted and influential literary Journal in the United States, manfully standing forward in defence of the law of the Sabbath, in opposition to the spurious liberality and deistical sophistry by which its expediency has been assailed. Still more gratifying is it to find, that the Post-Office department forms a solitary exception to the general practice of the Administration, to that of the Federal and State Governments in all their ramifications, and to that of the citizens at large;—and that the only question before the Legislature relates to the necessity and propriety of such exception. With regard to the other ground taken by the Committee in resisting any alteration in the existing practice, we shall content ourselves with transcribing the able and temperate reasoning of the Reviewer.



It is no doubt true, that the rapidity of the progress of all private business would, to a certain extent, be diminished by the change in question; but it will hardly be pretended, that the inconvenience resulting from this diminution, is of such a kind as to make out a case of necessity, which would authorise the community in waiving the observation of the moral and religious rules, of which they acknowledge the obligation in all others. The committee, certainly, have not proved, or attempted to prove, the reality of any such necessity. They say, that if you stop the mail one day in seven, you retard by one seventh the advancement of the country. This reasoning supposes that the mail is the only instrument that is or can be employed for the advancement of civilization—a supposition which is obviously incorrect. It is, no doubt, one and a very useful instrument for that purpose. The objection more correctly stated would be, that if you stop the mail one day in seven, you diminish by one-seventh the efficacy of the Post-Office in producing the advantages that naturally result from it. This is true; but it is only an application to a particular branch of labour of the general proposition, that if you suspend the labour of the community one day in seven, you make the labour of the community one-seventh part less productive than it otherwise would be. This we know, or at least may admit for argument's sake; but notwithstanding this, there are certain religious and moral considerations, which induce the community, as a general rule, to suspend all their labours one day in seven. Why should not this rule be applied to the labour employed in carrying the mails, as well as to all the rest? As the committee think that it ought not to be, it was their business to tell us, that the labour of the Post-Office department would be immediately, in the case supposed, one-seventh part less productive in a given time than it was before. This is a matter of course, and the principle is as true of all the other departments as of the Post-Office. But why deduce from it in regard to that department a conclusion, which you do not deduce from it in regard to any other? Why, in short, make the practice of the Post-Office department an exception to that of all the others? This, as we have repeatedly said, is the real question, and it is one to which the committee have not attempted to reply.

Although we have admitted, for the sake of the argument, in the above remarks, that the labour of the community, if suspended one day in seven, is for that reason one-seventh part less productive, we are far from thinking that such is in fact the case. We believe, on the contrary, that this is one of the instances in which two and two do not make four. Whether we consider labour as intended to produce the immediate result, wealth, or the more remote one, well-being physical and moral, we have no hesitation in saying, that we believe it becomes more, instead of less productive by an occasional suspension. We all know that our faculties cannot be kept forever on the stretch. Without the nightly intervention of that "blessed thing, sleep", as Coleridge calls it, to suspend our toils and labours, soothe our cares, and recruit our strength, we should all, in a very short time, go mad and die. But the preservation of a sound, healthy, active and cheerful condition of our nature requires, in addition to this, an occasional

suspension of labour for longer periods; and it was, doubtless, in the kind view of accommodating his commands to the constitution which he had given us, that the Creator prescribed the observance of a weekly day of rest. The man who constantly pursues his worldly objects without allowing himself a moment's leisure, gradually acquires, by a sort of moral gravitation, an accelerated and feverish intensity of action, which, if not checked in one way or another, ends in extravagance, bankruptcy, and ruin. By wholly diverting his thoughts one day in seven from business, and turning them upon the high and glorious subject of his intellectual and moral relations to God, his fellow-men, and the universe, he cools the fever of his mind; and when he takes up his affairs again on Monday morning, he is surprised to find with how much clearer a judgement he considers the plans and purposes of which he took leave on Saturday. He now perceives errors that before escaped his attention,—rejects imprudent projects that before presented themselves in tempting colours to his heated fancy,—and if his gains at the end of the week be one-seventh less, they will probably, at the end of the year, be seventy-fold more. Instead of being a miserable bankrupt, he will be a thriving, healthy, happy man. We have no hesitation in saying, that the fault we have here indicated, of a too urgent pursuit of worldly gain, is a common trait in the character of our countrymen, and that a more exclusive devotion of the Sabbath to repose and religious contemplation would be a most wholesome corrective of the evil. We strain every nerve to the utmost, employ every cent of capital that we own or can borrow, and, not content with obtaining an honourable subsistence for ourselves and our families by the regular practice of our respective callings, grasp, with an agonizing effort, at any project that holds out the least prospect of extraordinary gain. What follows? A few persons amass immense fortunes, the possession of which has no very favourable effect upon their own characters, or those of their children. The rest—at the first little convulsion in the world of business—are swept—like dead leaves before a November blast—into the gulf of bankruptcy. It would be vain to deny that the general habits of our active men of every class correspond in the main with (to) this description; and it is, in our opinion, equally certain, that a real and *bona fide* suspension of worldly cares one day in seven, would greatly improve—were it only by its negative and sedative effects—the state of mind which leads to these extravagant efforts and their disastrous results. It is, in short, clear to us, that the labour of the community—by being suspended one day in seven—becomes, not less, but on the contrary a great deal more productive of mere wealth, than it otherwise would be.

But this view of the subject, however important, is by no means the most so of those which may be taken of it. The object of all this toil and trouble—these convulsive strainings and desperate enterprises—is, after all, the acquisition of the means of subsistence—"meat, clothes, and fire",—nothing more. But this, though a legitimate object of pursuit in life, is far from being the only one. It belongs entirely to our lower and animal nature. The intellectual and moral principle—the God within the mind—that loftier and nobler portion of our being, by which we hold affinity with the Sublime Spirit that

created and informs the universe—this, too, has its claims; and they are of a far more urgent and momentous character than those of the other. But how can we do them justice, if our thoughts are for ever absorbed, without the interruption of a day, an hour, a moment, in the routine of business? Our intellectual and moral nature is refined and exalted by study, solitary musing, or instructive conversation on elevated subjects—by the interchange of kind and charitable feelings—by the contemplation of the goodness of the Creator, as shewn forth in the majesty, beauty, and harmony of his works. If we mean to rise in the scale of being above the tools we work with, or the brute animals that we employ, we must allow ourselves time for these ennobling and delightful pursuits. The merchant must not nail himself for ever to his counter, like a bad shilling; and the lawyer should remember, that there is one Supreme Court in which his precedents will lose their authority, and his special pleas their importance—that there is one case, and that his own, which he must finally argue upon its merits. Let it be enough, that the business of the world is pursued with unremitted activity and perseverance from Monday morning to Saturday night. When Sunday comes, let the weary be at rest—let the labourer of every kind cease from his toil, and go up to the house of God, not to ruminate upon the affairs of the preceding week, or to lay new plans for the coming one—but to yield up his whole soul to the current of lofty contemplations which the scene and the service are fitted to inspire—to feel the ravishing influence of sacred song—to indulge the devout aspirations that lift the humble spirit in holy trances to the footstool of the Almighty. Nor let him think it too hard, if in the mean time his letters remain unread in the Post-Office. They will not grow stale before to-morrow. His communion with God is of much more consequence than his correspondence with his agent or consignee. Whatever the mere man of business may think of it, this is, after all, a matter of high importance. Unless the deepest thinkers have erred in their conclusions from the most mature experience and reflection—unless the strongest feelings within us are all delusion—unless the word of revelation be a lie—it is certain, that our mysterious nature is only one of the transitory forms of a permanent existence; that our lot hereafter will be determined for ever by the use that we make of our faculties here. “As the tree falleth, so it must lie”. If we voluntarily degrade our minds in this world to the level of the brutes, it is impossible that we can start in the race of eternity with so much advantage as others, who have done their best to strengthen, exalt, and purify the intellectual and moral principle that survives the body. These are at once glorious and fearful truths. They are truths which the greatest sages and lawgivers of every age, from Moses to Numa, and from Numa to Franklin, have kept in view in their political creations. No state of ancient or modern times ever obtained any real stability, of which the government did not rest, in one way or another, on the steadfast and immoveable rock of Religion. Under our free and happy forms of political constitution, the only way in which this salutary principle can produce its beneficial effects, is by its influence on public opinion; and however much we may regret to differ from the very respectable committee, whose report we have been ex-



amining, and the writers who concur with them, we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction, that the people of the United States have nothing better, in regard to their political concerns, to hope or wish, than that all their agents should be *influenced in the exercise of temporal power by religious belief*. This would not bring about, as the writer above alluded to supposes, without apparently attaching any very distinct meaning to the terms, a *union of Church and State*; but it would procure us the blessing of Providence—a wise, liberal, efficient, and above all, honest administration of the government in all its branches—a condition of general and constantly progressive prosperity—and, to sum up all in one word—peace.

We must now briefly advert to the other publications before us. The 'Suggestions for the Amendment of the Statutes', though not enforced by any argumentative ability, place in a clear light the necessity there exists for some legislative interposition. The points to which the existing statutes are more immediately directed, are stated to be:—

'To the restriction of persons from exercising themselves, on that day, in any worldly labour, business, or work of their ordinary callings; works of necessity and charity only excepted.

'The suppression of all disorderly assemblies, fairs, and public sports and pastimes whatsoever.

'And to the prevention of travelling.

'And the professed object of them is, that "all and every person or persons whatsoever, should, on the Lord's Day, apply themselves to the observation of the same, by exercising themselves thereon in the duties of piety and true religion, publicly and privately."

It is true, that the clause in the first Act of Uniformity went far beyond this, imposing a penalty upon all persons who, having no reasonable excuse, should not diligently resort to their parish church on the Sundays. But laws of this intolerant and vexatious description differ *in toto* from statutes protecting the Sabbath from violation, being as repugnant to religion as to civil liberty. The wide and essential difference between the two descriptions of enactments, is manifest from the fact, that those who framed the laws of uniformity were opposed to the strict observance of the Sabbath, and were more zealous in discouraging puritanism than profaneness.

It does not belong to the Legislature to inculcate or to enforce the *religious* observance of the Lord's day, or to compel the discharge of any other religious duty. It is not within the province of our civil governors to ordain that every person should exercise himself on the Lord's day in the duties of piety and true religion. But it is strictly within their province, it is moreover their bounden and sacred duty, to provide, that all and every person or persons whatsoever should, on the Lord's day, *have the liberty, means, and opportunity* of applying themselves

to the observation of the day by so exercising themselves in the duties of religion. This can be secured only by legislative enactments. In those enactments, the religious obligation of keeping the day, and the common consent of Christians respecting it, may be justly and reasonably assumed. These, although not the proper matter of such enactments, are the reason of them; and their legitimate object is, to secure the benefit of the institution to all classes of the community.

In three ways, the trading and labouring classes are equally deprived of the civil and religious benefits of the Sabbath. First, when persons are not restricted from following their business on the Lord's Day, numbers are absolutely compelled to give their labour or attendance in different ways, or to submit to the loss of their situation; others, from the exigency of their circumstances, yield to the temptation to which they ought not to be exposed; and many, in more respectable lines of life, reluctantly engage in traffic on the Sunday, simply because their neighbour's shop is allowed to be open. All these classes are virtually deprived of the Sabbath by the want of an efficient law and the supineness of the magistracy.

Secondly, by the toleration of disorderly assemblies, fairs, and public sports, the lower classes are less directly, but not less actually deprived of the benefit of the Sabbath. On the one hand, all such doings are more or less connected with petty trade and worldly business, and hold out the temptation to break the Sabbath for the purposes of gain. And on the other hand, the disturbance they occasion, must inevitably deprive numbers of the community of all opportunity of attending to the duties of religion; which opportunity it is the primary design of the law to secure to them.

Thirdly, by Sunday travelling, it is obvious that many thousands are deprived of all the benefits of the Sabbath.

Under these three heads, every violation of the Sabbath may be comprised that can be made the subject of restrictive enactments. The Author of the Suggestions very justly remarks, that amusements or entertainments in the private houses of individuals, 'are matters of moral and religious consideration'.

'And though the existence of them is to be regretted, upon a day which ought to be throughout of a directly and decidedly religious character, the law does not affect them; nor perhaps could it be made to do so, but at a sacrifice of privileges which are among the most valuable of our constitution.'

We are sometimes met with the vulgar outcry, that the laws deprive the poor man of his amusements, but impose no restrictions upon the rich. Reform, it is said, should begin with the higher classes. Look at their Sunday dinner-parties, card-

parties, and profane violations of the day, and then say, with what consistency such persons can concur, as legislators, in enforcing the better observance of the day among the working classes.

Those are no friends to the best interests either of the higher or the lower classes, nor to the Sabbath itself, who join in this shallow declamation. The rich and the poor are, in this country, equally amenable to the laws. If the rich, by their Sunday doings, violate any statute law, there is just matter of complaint, that that law is not enforced against them as well as against the poor. If they violate no law, improper and criminal as their conduct may be in a religious respect, it affords no just ground of complaint, that they are allowed to break the Sabbath with impunity. But then, it may be urged, the laws ought to be made so as to reach them and restrain them in this respect. Let any one who thinks so, exercise his ingenuity by attempting to frame an enactment,—consistent with the spirit of our constitution,—consistent with the spirit of our religion,—that shall efficiently restrain the rich as well as the poor in their violation of the Sabbath,—without ‘a sacrifice of privileges which are among the most valuable of our constitution’. Such a person would, probably, soon come to the conclusion, that the thing is absolutely impracticable.

Besides, the legitimate object of the existing statutes, and of those regulations which it is sought to introduce and enforce, is wholly mistaken or misrepresented by those who raise this outcry. The rich have the opportunity and means of applying themselves to the religious observance of the day: if they neglect it, to their Maker they must answer for it. The poor have *not* the same means and opportunity, except so far as those are secured to them by the guardianship of the Legislature. Neither the rich nor the poor can be compelled by the law to be religious. The profligate squire or lord may have his Sunday banquet, and the profligate peasant may get drunk in his own cottage, with equal impunity so far as the law is concerned. But the Opera is closed to the one, (as the gambling-house ought also to be,) and Sadler’s Wells and other places of amusement to the other. Where is the injustice of the law?

Nor can we admit that Reform ought to be expected to begin,—where corruption and immorality begin,—with the higher classes, the victims of luxury and folly. It is not so that any beneficial reform has begun, or that any great and beneficial measure has been achieved. It is the glory of our constitution, that, with whatever defects the representative system may be chargeable, the Legislature does represent and ultimately obey the general sense of the constituent body,—the people at large. It is from the middle classes, comprising the mass of the vir-



tious and the intelligent, the true depositories of the national sentiment, that the impulse must emanate, which, sooner or later, extends to every part of the political machinery. Public opinion, enlightened by the pulpit and the press, and steadily and unequivocally expressed, has a plastic force upon our institutions, a restrictive force upon the privileged classes, a salutary influence upon public morals, which is sometimes of slow, yet always of sure and certain operation. There is such a thing, though the phrase may be sneered at as trite and hackneyed, as the march of intellect, and the progress of Scriptural reform. They will overtake, we have no doubt, the higher classes in time; but assuredly they have not commenced with them.

But let it not be thought, that public opinion can supersede the operation of law, so as to render legislation on such subjects as the one before us superfluous. We admit, that laws are but little to be relied upon, when they go *against* the sentiments and feelings of the community. We should despair of any beneficial result from legislative enactments enforcing the better observance of the Lord's Day, were we not well assured that, by the majority of the community, such enactments would be hailed as wise and beneficial, in unison with every religious sentiment, and conducive to the best interests of society. Our assurance rests, not merely upon a general estimate of the extent to which sound principles are diffused through the community, but upon facts such as those which we find adverted to in the pamphlets before us. For instance.

\* It is a fact, which may be ascertained by conversing on the subject with the great body of the respectable tradesmen in the metropolis, that they would most willingly close their doors against all Sunday traffic, if the same were done by their neighbours of the same calling with themselves.\* It may be urged, perhaps, in reply to this, that if such persons are really sincere in their wish of keeping the Lord's Day holy, they will close their shops, &c., at the suggestion of their own consciences, and not follow a multitude to do evil. They might so, most certainly; and some, no doubt, would do this. But let it be

\* While this article was in the printer's hands, our attention has been drawn to an advertisement in "The World" of Sept. 13th, announcing the formation of a "Sabbath Protection Society", consisting chiefly of tradesmen, the object of which will be sufficiently gathered from one of the Resolutions adopted at the meeting in which it originated:—

That this meeting conceives, that every circumstance affecting the liberty of the subject, whether it refers to enjoyment or the performance of duty, is a legitimate and natural object of the control of the civil magistrate; that we therefore propose to appeal to the Legislature, to extend its protection to all, by putting an end to all commercial competition on the Sabbath Day.

remembered, that to the man who has a wife and large infant family to support, the temptation to a contrary mode of conduct is strong, and one to which it would be well for those who have the power, to put him beyond the reach of yielding.

‘At a large village in one of the southern counties of England, the clergyman of the parish had used the most active and exemplary exertions to establish amongst his flock the due observance of the Sabbath. There were three substantial shopkeepers in the place; two of these were most willing to listen to their pastor’s remonstrances, and close their shops during the whole of the Sabbath. The third, however, a man unfortunately swayed by no religious obligation whatever, persisted in his contempt of the law; and his neighbours had not courage to resist the fear of injury to their worldly interests which might accrue to them from the monopoly of the whole of the Sunday village traffic. We do not defend the two weakly-complying Christians, but we pity sincerely all who are exposed to such struggles between religious principle and worldly profit.’ *Suggestions.* pp. 33, 34.

But the most remarkable evidence of the general disposition to concur in a better enforcement of the law, will be found in the documents appended to Mr. Herbert Smith’s Sermon. The occasion and the success of this gentleman’s most praiseworthy exertions, must be stated in his own words.

‘As a minister of Christ and of the Church of England, I ask for the assistance of my brethren in the ministry, and for the support of a Christian public, in the desirable object of discountenancing the open profanation of the Sabbath Day. My present exertions originated from the simple circumstance, that from the three Southampton coaches (and during the summer four coaches) changing horses at Bradley Farm, in my parish, at half-past ten and two o’clock in going up to London, and at two and five o’clock in returning, six of my parishioners seldom or ever enter any place of public worship. This I thought was a grievance which I, as their minister, should endeavour to rectify. I conversed with the coach proprietors, coachmen, and stable-keepers on the subject, and I found it was the general opinion, that it would be much more desirable if, by one common, friendly, unanimous consent, travelling on Sundays by public coaches could be laid aside.

‘One very large and respectable coach proprietor in London writes,—“It is my wish that most (if not all) of our coaches should not run on a Sunday.” Another proprietor, of the same character, writes,—“I might further add, to shew the practicability, if not advantage, of your suggestions, that we have many coaches in this establishment which do not run on Sundays; for instance, Brighton, Canterbury, Chatham, Bath, Dorking, Guildford, and others.” A proprietor, residing on the Southampton road, writes,—“I have no objection whatever to such an arrangement taking place.” Another writes,—“I should have much pleasure to meet your wishes, if it was possible to get the same feeling on the part of the proprietors of the other coaches.” Again, another writes,—“Respecting discontinuing running our coaches on Sundays, I have not the least objection to it, nor do I think my partners will have, provided the proprietors of the other Southampton coaches agree

to do the same." Another very large and respectable proprietor, residing in the country, writes,—“I not only give my free consent to discontinue running our coaches on Sundays, but shall be most happy to render you any assistance in my power to obtain so desirable an object.” The seventh proprietor from whom I have received any written communications, says,—“I am quite ready to enter into any engagement with the other proprietors to prevent running on Sundays in future, and I trust no one I am concerned with will raise an objection to so desirable an object. I have expressed my disapprobation of stage coaches travelling on the Lord's Day, and no one would rejoice more at its discontinuance than myself, being satisfied it would be for the general good, and which I sincerely hope may be accomplished through your kind interference.”

Such is the written satisfactory approval of seven proprietors. I have further had the equally satisfactory verbal approval of three more. The eleventh I have not been able to see, nor have I heard from him. The proprietors are, Mr. Chaplin, Spread Eagle, Gracechurch-Street; Mr. Mountain, Saracen's Head, Snow Hill; Mr. Nelson, Bull Inn, Aldgate; Mr. Horn, Golden Cross, Charing Cross; Mr. Charlton, George Inn, Hounslow; Mr. Dore, Egham; Mrs. Scarborough, Bagshot; Mr. Forder and Messrs. Curtis, Basingstoke; Mr. Wells, Winchester; and Mr. Caiger, Southampton. From the personal and written communications I have had with them, I have every reason to acknowledge their kindness and attention to me, and to speak of their respectability.

But it may be said, as the entire approbation of nearly all the proprietors has been obtained, what more is required to discontinue running the coaches on Sundays? I answer, the approval and support of the public in favour of an object so desirable for the moral and religious welfare of the country. It has also been frequently said to me, “You may procure the consent of the present proprietors to discontinue running their coaches on Sundays, but an opposition coach will be immediately started to run on Sundays also.” As prevention is better and more easy than cure, I shall feel much obliged to my brethren in the ministry, if they will exert themselves (as the Established Clergy of the country) in their own parishes, and particularly in those through or near which the coaches pass, to procure the public approval and support in favour of such an important measure; so that the proprietors of any coach started in opposition to such principles, may feel assured they will not meet with public support or countenance. *Smith's Sermon. pp. 31—33.*

The ‘Agreement’ entered into by the Proprietors of the Portsmouth and London Coaches, and the Southampton and London Coaches, is given, with their respective signatures. To this is added, a Memorandum for a proposed Act of Parliament for regulating Sunday Travelling, that shall have for its object and effect, to *protect* the respectable coach-proprietor and postmaster in this respect. It is proposed, that ‘the Stamp Office shall grant no licence for coaches to travel between nine o'clock



'in the morning and six o'clock in the afternoon on Sundays;' and that licences granted for posting on Sundays, shall stipulate, that urgent business makes it necessary to travel. We are not ourselves aware of any valid objection that could be raised against these restrictions; but we are anxious to have a Bill brought into Parliament of a more comprehensive character, embracing a revision of all the statutes relating to the observance of the Lord's Day, in which every clause would of course undergo a thorough discussion.

Legislation, in a free country, is the offspring and result, as well as the fixed record of public opinion. But it is also, if we may so speak, the executive of the public sentiment, which remains inert and powerless till embodied in the form of law. Public opinion can never operate with the binding force of law upon those whom it is the most necessary to restrain, because it is no match against private interest. At present, there is no accordance whatever between the laws and the opinions or practice of the community in reference to the observance of the Sabbath. The letter of the law is at open variance with the conduct of the Sabbath-breaker, nor less so with the practice of the magistracy who connive at the offence; and the inefficiency of the law, which renders it contemptible in the eyes of the profane, is equally at variance with the sentiments of the moral and religious, and vexatious to those who stand in need of its protection. If there be a member of the Legislature who can be content that things should remain in this anomalous state, he must be as sorry a politician as he is a bad Christian.

Of Bishop Mant's Letter, we need say but little, as it cannot stand in need of our recommendation. It has afforded us high satisfaction, to find the Bishop taking his stand upon 'the high ground of the Divine institution of the seventh day of rest,' in opposition to the sentiments of Paley, and to the lax opinions of some members of a certain 'old Society.' The arguments adduced by his Lordship, have been anticipated in our pages; but they are more likely to weigh with many persons, when recommended by episcopal authority. We have only to add the expression of our hope, that, when the subject is brought under the attention of the Legislature, the prelates of both the English and the Irish episcopacy will justify their Protestantism and their true churchmanship, by taking a decided part in the discussion. Of these religious and sacred days may truly be said, what Hooker, with beautiful impropriety, says of the church festivals: 'They are the splendour and outward dignity of our religion, forcible witnesses of ancient truth, provocations to the exercise of all piety, shadows of our endless felicity in heaven, on earth everlasting records and memorials; wherein they

'which cannot be drawn to hearken unto that we teach, may, only by looking upon that we do, in a manner read whatsoever we believe.' \*

Art. V. *An Introduction to a Course of German Literature; in Lectures to the Students of the University of London.* By Ludwig von Mühlenfels, LL.D. 8vo. pp. 163. Price 7s. London. 1830.

THIS is one of a class and order of publications by which we have occasionally found ourselves much embarrassed. The inquiries necessary to verify the entire correctness of the statements and inferences they comprise, are at once important and wide-spreading; nor can the subject be adequately discussed, without a large citation of facts, and a corresponding extent of sifting and reasoning. Yet, owing sometimes to their brevity, sometimes to the Author's incapacity or deficiencies, these works do not supply the materials necessary for enabling the inquirer to form a decided judgement of the validity of their conclusions, without surrounding himself with an array of authorities, not very easy of manipulation, nor, indeed, at all times readily procurable. This, then, is just one of those cases in which we should best make acquittance of our official obligations, by giving a cursory analysis, with as much of general or particular criticism as the circumstances might demand.

There is, however, in the present instance, a peculiar feature, which excludes the volume in our hands from such easy treatment and prompt dismissal. It is not a publication sent forth from the bookseller's warehouse in the usual way, to take its chance in the world under the common risks of praise or censure, popularity or neglect; but it comes to us from authority. The credit of the 'London University' is pledged to us for its competent execution, and for the soundness of its opinions. Its contents were spoken in their lecture-room, subject to their surveillance, and are now committed to the press under their sanction and responsibility. In addition to this, it is important to recollect, that these prelections were delivered to a class of young men, as the basis of their investigations and the directory of their studies; that the Professor has here laid down the principles by which his instructions are to be guided, and which are hereafter to be expanded into a consecutive system, within which will be compacted all the facts and circumstances connected with the general subject. Bearing in mind these intimations, our readers will now cast their eye over the following paragraph.

\* Hooker's Eccl. Pol. B. V. § 71.

‘Not only is the moral law indelibly impressed on the minds of the Jews, but we find them striving to form their social life according to it: yet, the sensuality of the boy \* always oversounds the voice which is heard, as well from the depths of his own heart, as from the summits of Sinai; and vainly for him were the commandments of the Decade engraven on stone. It is an undeniable fact, that the Jewish people became, in the hands of Providence, the means of sustaining that pure and genuine creed of a single and omnipotent God, which had been gradually lost in the other nations of the earth amidst the increase of immorality. *But, it is equally certain, that they soon fashioned their God after their own idea.* In their rude stubbornness, their pride, and profound contempt for other nations, *the Jews wanted a national God, and they formed one for themselves.* The hierarchy of the Levites was gradually confirmed by laws, *emanating from sacerdotal influence;* and the Almighty Jehovah, strong, powerful, and severe in his punishments, *seemed in the eyes of the priests a necessary authority, in order to bridle the stubborn and selfish people.*’

In the same pseudo-philosophic spirit, we are immediately afterwards informed, that

‘The Jewish people is important in an universally historical point of view, not only because the *moral regenerator of mankind* sprung from it, but also because the hierarchy, *as artificially formed among the Jews*, furnished a pattern for that spiritual power which gave so remarkable a direction to the middle ages.’

Now, in the first place, we must confess that we cannot comprehend the necessity for mixing up neologistic explanations of the Old Testament history with lectures on German literature; and next, we must be allowed to enter an uncompromising protest against the gross impropriety of which the Lecturer is guilty, who has obtruded these weak and hazardous speculations in a scheme of youthful training. It is plainly intimated, that the Jewish economy was a system of priestcraft; that the theocracy was a fiction of the hierarchy, invented for selfish or political purposes;—a bold artifice, the legitimate antecedent of that Papal domination which darkened the middle ages of European history. If we understand the import of the preceding extracts, (and if we are mistaken, we shall be happy to be undeceived,) we learn from them, that the Almighty Jehovah, as represented in the Levitical formularies, is a merely ‘national God’, ‘fashioned after the idea’ of the sacerdotal leaders, and subservient to their influence. We dare say that there are not a few individuals to whom all this may appear highly ingenious, evincing a freedom from antiquated prejudices, and tending to the liberation of the mind and the

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\* This designation belongs to an hypothesis which will be noticed hereafter.



invigoration of its powers. We quarrel with no man for his opinions, but we claim the privilege that we allow; and while we do not dispute the right of Dr. Mühlensfels to hold and to avow these sentiments, or any other that it may please him to adopt, we contend most strenuously, that, holding such sentiments, and undisguisedly inculcating them, he is, according to what we have been accustomed to consider as right views of these things, likely to lead astray those whom he has undertaken to instruct, and therefore very unfit for the situation with which he has been entrusted.

It can scarcely be needful or expedient to submit these reveries to an argumentative test. Between our readers and ourselves,—between the great body of our countrymen and ourselves,—there is, on these points, no difference of opinion. Nor has the Professor sustained his mischievous views, by even the pretext of logical or analytical deduction. These wild neologisms, then, are sufficiently met by a plain exposure of their character and tendency, and by a quiet reference to the letter of Holy Writ. The Jewish Scriptures are either simply true, or an enormous falsehood; nor is it to be forgotten, that the invalidation of their spiritual and supernatural character and sanctions, must shake to its very foundations, the whole structure of Christian faith.

Less objectionable, but tinged with the same false colouring, is the attempt to exhibit the various sections of Jewish history as written under the predominant influence of poetic feeling, and liable to the casualties of poetic composition. This does not, indeed, necessarily imply the absence of truth, but it gives shrewd intimation that it has been handed down to us under very questionable modifications.

The Pentateuch, at least the first book, and the greater part of the second, is a grand epos of the loftiest character, in the style in which a child would speak of the exploits of his ancestors,—of the love, and of the anger of his father. The character of objectiveness is every where apparent. The descriptions of the plagues in Egypt; of the passage through the Red Sea; of the journey through the deserts; are all related in the highest epic style,—the whole being overspread with activity, and as much calmness as the ungovernable spirit of the people will admit. . . . . The Old Testament thus appears as an epos, composed of numberless episodes. One great idea of conscious dependence on the Almighty Father, who most severely chastises the child whom he most loves, pervades the books of the Old Testament, from beginning to end.

Not to repeat that these fantastic subtleties are wholly at variance with the design and character of the Old Testament, we would suggest, that they are founded on confused theories and preconceived notions. In one respect, we can have no objection

to admit the existence of an *epic* character in the historical portions of the Pentateuch, inasmuch as they are models of expressive *narration*; but to designate them as a 'grand epos of the loftiest character', if these words imply any thing beyond an affected and unmeaning flourish, is to reduce the sublime and simple verities of the Mosaic records, to a level with the Rhapsodies of Homer and the Shah Nameh of Ferdousi. The intrinsic character of the Pentateuch is connected narrative, without a single trace of epic artifice: consecution, not construction, marks its details. To talk in this rambling, off-hand style, argues something very like an entire misapprehension of the primary qualities of composition.

Nor can we applaud the *Germanizations* which remarkably characterize the historical illustrations introduced by our Author. Waiving the animadversions which might fairly be made on his admiration of the processes 'successfully pursued' on the 'Roman, Jewish, and Northern histories', by those desperate anatomists, Niebuhr, De Wette, Gesenius, and Geijer,—which processes are to qualify us for discriminating, *quoad* the above annals, 'between *mythology* and actual history',—we would in all simplicity inquire, what is gained, in the exposition of facts, and in the estimation of their causes and consequences, by running fanciful parallels between the condition of nations and the stages of human life. As an ornamental allusion, or a transient illustration, it may answer the purpose of wakening attention, or gratifying the taste; but, as the foundation of an elaborate theory, and the frame-work of grave investigations, we must consider all such departures from the plain and straight-forward course, as nothing better than mischief-making and mystification. What, for instance, do we gain by being told, that the 'marks of childhood' are clearly exhibited in the character and history of the 'calm, contemplative Hindoos', who are, so far as we are aware, any thing but 'contemplative.' Dr. Mühlensfels confounds the pretensions of certain classes of devotees, with the characteristics of the nation.

'A child loves to play with flowers, and thus the poetry of the Hindoos is throughout the poetry of nature; the life of nature being the centre, to which all the thoughts of the Hindoos are turned. A perusal of the *Sacotala* will be sufficient to convince any one of the truth of this assertion.

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'What renders the Hindoo history so charming, is the calmness, peace, and truly child-like innocence, which overspreads the character of the people. This nation may be likened to a smiling babe, with arms extended towards its mother Nature, and finding no delight, save in its own fanciful dreams. If it be true, as it is probable, that the

Egyptian and Greek wisdom flowed from Indian sources, our view will be thereby still further confirmed, for the Deity most easily manifests itself to the pure and infantine mind.'

Verily, all this is astoundingly absurd. Where are we to look for this 'calmness, peace, and child-like innocence?' In the ambitious and intriguing Bramin, the fiery and turbulent Rajpoot, the miserable depression of the inferior castes? In the bloody sacrifices of Kali, or the savage atrocities of infanticide and the Suttee? 'Children love flowers', and a 'perusal of the Sacontala', will suffice to shew that this child-like people delight in 'the poetry of nature.' The perusal of the Sacontala, the Megha Dewta, or the Vikrama and Urvasi, will prove nothing more, than that their Author, the admirable Calidasa, had a keen and exquisite sense of the beautiful in nature, and that the poetical feelings of his countrymen, like the poetical feelings of men of other countries, were intensely interested in rich and lovely descriptions, and more than descriptions, of natural objects. The Hindoos have taken as wide a range in poetical composition as most other nations; and the dramas of Bhavabuti, or the epic of Valmiki, are as little marked by the peculiarity in question, as those of European poets in the same kind and degree.

Having thus established the resemblance between the child and the Hindoo, our Professor proceeds to detect in the Egyptian, the 'grown child'; in the Jew, the 'long-standing guest of the Egyptian'—a *guest*, however, made to pay rather dearly for his lodging,—he discovers the 'rude and stubborn boy'; the Greek is the glorious youth; the Roman is the adult. Our readers will judge of the value of these parallelisms, and of their importance in the business of education.

In the impracticable attempt to define the 'idea of the beautiful', M. Von Mühlensfels, as usual, bewilders himself in abstractions, and at length entrenches himself in a citation from the celebrated—a German would say the illustrious—Goëthe, which we re-quote, as a 'psychological curiosity'. We shall make no comment, but leave it to the consideration of our readers; simply reminding them, 1st, that it was addressed to a class of youthful students; and 2dly, that the translation must be trust-worthy, since it is given by an accomplished German, who has proved himself thoroughly acquainted with the English language. The extract is from the novel of 'Wilhelm Meister', as much the favourite of Germany, as 'Don Quixote' is of Spain.

'Beauty creates the thoughts of the soul, as though they were a harmony of colours; its sentiments, as a union of all tones; its life,



as a melodious song, which soothes all sorrows, softens all passions, vivifies pale fear, crowns all love, fills all space, cures all wounds; or, as a lovely image created by God, as if he would copy himself, and for that purpose took the elements of the human world. There is nothing more beautiful than a soul which, without poetically composing works, forms within itself and creates in itself, the beautiful. The beautiful unites all contrasts. The pure man, glowing with patriotism, desires to die the death of unostentatious sacrifice,—and he also desires to seat himself calmly with the Sacontala among the lotus flowers, beside the Ganges,—both, because it is beautiful. He longs to wander in freedom afar off—in the rustling Alpine forests—in the orient tinged with the colours of Aurora—in all the lovely places of the earth,—and, like a child, in his restriction of home, he wishes likewise the abode in every lovely spot—both, because it is beautiful. Thus the truly mindful man, modest as brave, mild as powerful, in the bloom of youth or decline of age, filled with hopes or memories, chooses for himself one ideal, which in a hundred forms reveals itself, like Brahma, as *one*, as the *divine*, in the image of the beautiful.

‘In “the beautiful”, the divine speaks by images, has clothed itself as the human mind, and has acquired form as the thought in the word. And the wise conceive in it the Eternal, and revere it as religion in terrestrial form.’

In this extract from the most popular writer in Germany, it appears to us, that the common-place, the extravagant, the absurd, and the unintelligible, not to say the profane, strive for the predominance. Well might the Professor of German Literature in the London University put in a hypothetical form, the hope that he had been ‘so fortunate as to make himself ‘clearly understood’.

These vagaries of the Professor are the more to be regretted, as the unobjectional portions of these Lectures afford unequivocal indications of ability and knowledge. The fatal love of generalization, and the error of suffering the fancy to intrude on the province of judgement, have materially injured the value of these instructions; but enough remains to increase our regret that they have not been uniformly written in a spirit of simplicity and sobriety. The portion which describes the effect of the Reformation on German literature, is vigorously and ably written; and the following striking character of Luther—‘the ‘man of his century, the great reformer in whom the spirit of ‘his age gained a distinct form’—is eloquently, though rather too wordily given.

‘If moral greatness and spiritual worth in a man must be estimated, not by the dazzling qualities which adorn the fashionable hero of modern times, nor by the quantity of learning which lies, as it were, a dead capital in the mind, but by the deep earnestness with which God, the source of all truth, is sought after, by the courage with which

every thing most dear to man is sacrificed, in the combat for this truth, by the union of mental strength and enthusiasm, and by the exertion of those energies of the soul, through which, at the call of the inward voice, the palm of victory is merited and won,—then Luther must, indeed, be termed a great and lofty character. As such, he belongs to universal history—to the world; and, in this view, it is perfectly indifferent where he was born, or what language he spoke. Yet, to the German people, he is especially endeared, because, in his mind, the nobler features of their national character are vividly reflected. He was courageous, humble, and persevering, and of inexhaustible mental powers; grave, yet cheerful; daring, where there was occasion to defy the foe; but conciliating, when he met with a repentant spirit, and magnanimous in his treatment of the vanquished. Intrepid and undaunted, and proud in the armour of his belief, did he, a poor and private man, rich only in faith and love, defend himself before the splendid assembly at Worms, and fearlessly assail the papal power. Against Henry of England, his zeal was equally ardent, sincere, and uncompromising; yet, he also addressed both the Pope and King in conciliatory terms, from a wish to win them to the realms of truth. His detractors have denounced his conduct in this respect as inconsistent; but to me it appears perfectly consistent with his vocation, as a preacher of peace and concord. Even his friends and admirers seem to have reproached him, for having prepared no deep and well-digested plan, and for allowing himself to be determined by momentary impulse; yet I am inclined to regard such censure as the highest eulogy on his inspired character. The internal voice calls to him, and he obeys the calling; and it is this impulsive force of spiritual enthusiasm, which imparts itself to the multitude who are to be moved. The general, the statesman, the legislator, may act upon prudential and well-digested plans; and yet, how frequently the work of human intellect miscarries, and the wisest schemes prove unable to withstand some trifling obstacle, which no worldly wisdom could foresee. But the man of God, who, like Luther, can electrify centuries, and bring nations within the sphere of light—he must obey no guide save that inward voice which never can deceive. Human schemes and calculations are foreign to him and to his purpose. He speaks and acts solely from impulse—but the impulse is divine!

It rests entirely with Dr. Mühlensfels, to become a useful and interesting lecturer; but he has much to unlearn and lay aside. His want of compression, his rare use of simple statement, his injudicious refinements on circumstances and inferences in themselves plain and obvious,—these, with the more serious faults to which we have felt it our duty to advert, must be resolutely rejected, before either his matter or his manner can entitle him to that unqualified approbation which we should have been happy to be able to award to his labours.

Art. VI. *The Three Histories.* The History of an Enthusiast. The History of a Nonchalant. The History of a Realist. By Maria Jane Jewsbury. 12mo. pp. 322. Price 9s. London, 1830.

WE think so highly of Miss Jewsbury's talents as a prose writer, that we wish she would not write, at least not publish, poetry. Not that she can write any thing positively bad, or absolutely not worth reading; but her verse rarely rises above a respectable mediocrity\*, while, in prose composition, both didactic and narrative, she may fairly claim to rank among the most clever, fertile, pleasing, and instructive writers of the day. Her "Letters to the Young" are fraught with that practical wisdom which can be gathered only from extensive observation and experience by a person habituated to self-reflection. As the writer of fictitious biography, she accomplishes by stratagem, what, in her Letters, she aims at more openly; and while assuming a gayer dress, never lays aside the character of the instructress. Her contributions to the *Annals*, exhibit a power both of conception and of description, a liveliness of fancy, and a versatility of talent, which have often surprised and charmed us. In the volume before us, however, she has evidently applied the collected force of her mind to a more serious and strenuous effort of skill, and has drawn more largely upon those stores of reflection and practical knowledge which she appears to command.

These *Three Histories* are, as the title indicates, sketches of three generic descriptions of character, but which are powerfully *individualized*, if we may use the expression, in the hero or heroine of the tale. They are by no means common-place characters which Miss Jewsbury has portrayed: to some persons, they may appear unnatural, precisely because, by such persons, they would not, in real life, be understood. Yet, it is in understanding, and in knowing how to deal wisely with enthusiasts and nonchalants, in the incipient stage of their character, that the business and art of education (much abused word!) often mainly consist. That the present volume will contribute much to this important end, we scarcely dare hope; since parents and teachers who might derive the most benefit

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\* We might almost infer from Miss Jewsbury's mottoes and poetic citations, that, intensely as she may feel poetry, she has no very correct judgement or knowledge of it. Her favourites seem to be, next to Mrs. Hemans, Wordsworth, Alaric Watts, L. E. L., *Shelley!* Had Tom Paine written sentimental poetry, no doubt, he would have found his admirers among us; but Miss Jewsbury should know better than to cite a writer she dares not recommend.



from these histories, have seldom leisure or inclination for the reading of tales. And as to the generality of readers, they are little disposed to pay much attention to the lesson of the story.

We have known Julia Osbornes; that is to say, individuals of the same order of character, who would have been likely to feel and act, and to be acted upon, very much in the manner of our Enthusiast. And we have known Cecils too. And a painful interest, such as is awakened by recognizing in the countenance of a stranger, a likeness to the features of a beloved child or friend, is created by the traits of resemblance in such fictions, to the moral lineaments of real characters, and by feeling how possibly the history might have been true of them. Perhaps, we cannot say any thing that shall speak more strongly in favour of the talent displayed in these tales, than that the painful emotion which is thus produced, almost overpowers the pleasure they are otherwise adapted to impart. The interest of a tale depends chiefly upon the excitement of curiosity, in order to which it is requisite that we sympathize to a certain degree with the imaginary personages of the story. It forms one strong objection against this class of works, that, deriving their chief effect from the alternate excitement of curiosity and sensibility, they tend injuriously to stimulate those powerful principles, without producing any correspondent moral result. It is due to Miss Jewsbury to say, that she has evidently been anxious to obviate this objection as far as possible, by rendering the interest of the story subservient to the most salutary convictions. There is no attempt to work upon the feelings. Had the stories been more tragical, they would have interested us less. The second story is, indeed, deeply pathetic. But it is not, after all, the incidents by which we have found ourselves chiefly affected, but by the history of the development of character and the tragedy of the heart.

We shall not attempt to give an abstract of the several Tales, but shall select a few passages illustrative of the Writer's skill in the delineation of character. And first, every body will know Mrs. Carhampton.

'Mrs. Carhampton had an antiquated, wholesome, old-English kind of respect for her parish pastor. In her, however, it was more than personal homage rendered to personal character—it was a portion of her religion, the levitical part of her creed. "The reverend" was to her a name of power—a sermon, something that it was wrong to criticise; all doctrine broached from a pulpit was of necessity sound, and to her apprehension the same—true orthodox gospel. Her best curtesy (she was of the olden times in that too) had ever been reserved for her rector; and with just enough difference of their rank, her next best at the service of his curate. She was, perhaps, more flattered by Dr. Bampton's encomiums on her dinners, for he being rich was the

more profound critic; yet the reverend Mr. Caregrew had ever met with as cordial an invitation—as warm a welcome. But when by the death of one and the departure of the other of these gentlemen, the rector and curate became identified in Mr. Percy, her clerical feelings underwent a change, that not being addicted to metaphysical subtleties, she failed to analyse and comprehend. It would have been patronage, if the grave gentlemanhood of his deportment had not inspired something which would on the other hand, have been fear; but that his dignified urbanity inspired a counterbalance of sincere interest and liking. She could not venture upon quite such good jokes, or quite such long histories of her own proceedings and opinions, with the taciturn, unpretending, yet high-styled man, whom she now called her pastor; but she caught herself paying unwonted heed to his remarks, which in the midst of their simplicity, generally enshrined some thought at once adapted to his hearer's comprehension, and yet calculated to do her good. At her grand dinners, when the table sighed beneath its load, a mahogany Atlas, bearing a world of fish, flesh, and fowl, Mr. Percy was not to be had; but the friendly call in a morning, or the social visit in an evening, was often, and as it seemed with pleasure awarded. The fact was, Mr. Percy's humility and content were the entire growth of principle; by nature he was proud and high-spirited, not so much in the outer as the inner man, and there yet lingered a height about his manners, that rather repelled than encouraged elaborate attentions on the part of his rich parishioners. But good Mrs. Carhampton was not to be resisted; patronage was out of the question, but kind she would be, and kind she was in every way that she durst.' pp. 32—34.

The last days of this good old lady, 'were at once touching, edifying, and amusing.' This may sound a strange description; but nothing is so strangely composite as human nature.

'She had always prided herself on being what she termed "a good liver;" but her religion had been a wholesome prejudice, rather than an enlightened and enlivening principle; every sermon was to her, as we have seen, "true orthodox gospel;" she had never reasoned, that perhaps was as well; but it was not so well that she had never reflected. If, however, she had much to learn, and more to unlearn, she had the true teachable spirit; and when, during her long illness, she was brought to apprehend that there is but *one* "true orthodox gospel," she received it into an "honest and good heart," held it fast, and died with it.

'Therefore, to any proud, doubting, self-willed, self-tormenting, if more highly refined person, her closing scene might have afforded edification, as shewing the peace in which they who are spiritually little children can pass unto that unknown world, which to the unbeliever is shrouded with clouds and thick darkness. Yet the mingling of natural character, and old habits and associations, not infrequently gave a gentle tinge of the ludicrous to her most serious discourse.

' "Julia, my love," (this was her last speech,) "come and read to me, but don't bring me any book but the Bible; I used to think Blair's

Sermons very fine,—but I can't do with any body's sermons now, not even Mr. Percy's—but that is no fault of his; when flesh and heart fail, there is nothing like a verse out of the Bible. I often thank God heartily for having given it us in verses; for when one gets a poor weakly creature, just at the point of death, one can manage to remember a verse, and you know, love, salvation is very often put in a single verse. Oh, but I am sadly afraid you will get to love the world too much—bless you, my love! I wish when I am gone, I could send you a guardian angel to keep watch over you, for I am sure you'll need one—you so young and made so much of by people; but don't, love, believe *all* that you hear. Mind your soul above every thing my dear child, for though you are so clever, and will have this house, and the garden, and the fields, and the two crofts—forty acres of land, and the hay that was got off them last summer, all in your own power—for I shan't let Mr. Mortimer be your master, though I'm sure he'll be a kind friend—and nine thousand pounds in the three per cents., and twelve more in the five per cents.—yet for all this, my dear Julia, you must come to die, and dying is no such easy matter, unless you have the rod and the staff—read me the twenty-third psalm, love, and then draw that curtain and give me a kiss, for I should like to try to sleep a little,—this talking tires me sadly.”

Julia did as she was desired; but the sleep that followed was not a little one. The slumber was never broken, for in it the kind, simple-hearted spirit passed into eternity.’ pp. 109—111.

We are afraid that we cannot contrive to give a fair view of the character of the heroine—the enthusiast; but the following passages will enable the adept in these matters to form some idea of it.

“I wish I loved home,” (said Julia,) “and had the strong domestic feelings that you have. I wish I had no future—no dreams, no romance; or rather I wish that romance were reality.”

“My dear, charming friend, reality continually possesses romance; affection is a reality, home is a reality, nature is a reality—what need of dreams to fashion brighter?”

“Your mind is dreadfully healthy, Cecil.”

“And till latterly, yours was just as delightfully so; Julia, you have changed your style of study, and it has done you no good: do throw those intense, dreamy, passionate Germans away.”

“Treason!” replied Julia; “they have opened to me a new world, unlocked a new sphere of existence.” p. 65.

Julia did not yet know the worth of affection; of one, that sanctified by the bonds of nature, is capable, even in a homely guise, of triumphing over every vicissitude of circumstance, every waywardness of character, and of adhering to its object “through evil report and good report,” faithful unto death. She had loved her grandmother when alive, and lamented her now she was no more; but never having had her domestic feelings made a source of intellectual improvement, or connected in any way with her imagination, the energies of her heart



had somewhat merged themselves in the energies of her understanding. Kind and affectionate to all, she had yet early learned, perhaps loved, to live alone; to carry on two existences at once, the hidden one of the spirit, and the outward one demanded by surrounding things and persons. Good-humoured toleration may subsist with a most cordial want of interest, and none but the individual himself, know how vast the space that separates him from others, and even at times from himself. Without being what could correctly be termed religious, Julia possessed that strong sense of duty which answered the moral purpose of a hedge of thorns; it kept her proud, daring, enthusiastic spirit within bounds, and made her timid of wounding her conscience. Therefore, in one sense she deserved to have it said, in the epitaph phrase, that she had been "an excellent daughter, a steady friend, and a kind neighbour"; but the degree of feeling which had accompanied this performance of her relative duties, was another thing. It had been sufficient to render her tolerably contented whilst obliged to live in retirement; but now that she was free, it was not strong enough to reconcile her to remain there.

To re-quote her own words, she pined again "for the breathing world of society, where mind is king; for living intercourse with the great, the gay, and the gifted; for access at will to what is various and splendid." When circumstances effected the temporary fulfilment of this wish, and, from a life of seclusion, she emerged into one that mingled the pursuits of literature with the gaieties of fashion, the change absolutely intoxicated her intellect. She regarded every incident, person, place, and thing, through the medium of her imagination, and *that*

‘Transformed for her the real to a dream,  
Clothing the palpable and the familiar  
With golden exhalations of the dawn.’ pp. 112–114.

Years pass away: we need not say how they were passed, but the result is expressively indicated in the following portrait.

‘The change came at last; subtilly, silently, as the shadow steals over the dial, subtilly, silently, but leading on to darkness. Love and ambition woke her mind from its first sleep, reflection and disappointment aroused it from its last. Novelty at length grew old; excitements ceased to be exciting; as the veil once fell from nature, and disclosed enchantment, so now the shroud fell from the world, and revealed—death. Tired of the sparkling sameness of her movements, vary them how she would, she first sighed for a new life; then, physically weary of living constantly at high pressure, she dreamed next of a quiet one; vexed in the end with crowds and compliments, the first selfish, the last hollow, she began to yearn after a life of affection,—to dream once more of retirement, and devotedness—and Cecil! In precise proportion to the growth of her dissatisfaction with herself and all around her, grew her estimation of him, her fond reveries of the past, and vague hopes for the future; her love was like the basil tree, that

“ ——— grew and grew, and brighter green  
Shot from its boughs than she before had seen.”

From different causes, and in a less happy manner, she began as in

early youth, again to live alone, to be to herself both law and impulse, and whilst mixing as usual in society, to have an inner and separate existence; but it was now the existence of sadness. Neither was Julia without cares and anxieties; in a literary career, as in every other, there grew no thornless roses. Success made her timid, and she who once wrote, literally because she could not help it, with buoyant confidence in powers that few acknowledged and scarcely one understood, now that all spoke to praise, wrote in doubt and self-distrust, and could have called her hopes and fears, "an indistinguishable throng." Mental exertion was no longer an instinct, but an effort; there was an accession of power, but a diminution of pleasure; there came the looking before and after, the labour of comparison, the dread of failure, the distaste to rivalry; an awakening perception that the unattainable would always exist; a delight certainly in what had been acquired, but a feverish desire always to acquire more. Then fame (using the word in the mere popular sense) was become tangible, something to be seen, and felt, and understood; its ethereal aspect was gone, it was no longer a bright mystery like the stars; or like the wind freighted with melody and fragrance, a celestial and impalpable element; but by comparison a common thing, the birth of common life. It might be calculated, weighed, measured, and debated upon; it consisted in being looked at with curiosity, in being talked and written about, and the materials that went to its composition, were the notice of superiors, the homage of equals, the envy of inferiors, and the hatred of rivals. She felt, too, that her intellectual integrity was gone; that her mind was a mixed image of gold and clay; that she loved, sought, enjoyed, desired no one thing entirely for its own sake; that meretricious pleasures had weaned her from simple ones; that in seeking happiness by means of excitement, she had not only failed of her aim, but exhausted at once the strength that should have sufficed for a long life. Her imagination now clung to her for the same purpose that a demon follows its victim, to blacken and to desolate with wild, unreal fancies.' pp. 123—126.

"Ah, what is genius to woman," (it is Julia herself who thus writes,) "but a splendid misfortune! What is fame to woman, but a dazzling degradation! She is exposed to the pitiless gaze of admiration; but little respect, and no love, blend with it . . . . To my better taste, praise is dust and ashes; yet I cannot live without it . . . . A man may erect himself from such a state of despondency; throwing all his energies into some great work, something that shall beget for him perpetual benediction; he may live for, and with posterity. But a woman's mind—what is it? A woman—what can she do? Her head is, after all, only another heart. She reveals her feelings through her imagination; she tells her dream, and dies. *Her wreath is not of laurel, but of roses, and withers ere it has been worn an hour.*"

Some of these expressions, and the passionate sentiment which they breathe, are worthy of Mad. de Stael.

The history of the 'Nonchalant', narrated by himself, is that of a youth of keen sensibility and sanguine temperament, who, partly owing to mistaken treatment, partly to the wiles of a crafty villain, imbibes the slow poison of scepticism, and is

plunged by misfortune into a state of helpless pyrrhonism and universal disgust.

'I should never have been a Nonchalant, had I not first been a sceptic; and I scarcely think I should have become a sceptic, if those who instructed me in religion had remembered that I possessed affections and reason, no less than conscience, and that in the child there existed the rudiments of manhood . . . . I was not at first indisposed to believe, but the way in which my natural inquiries were repulsed, independently of wounding my feelings, gradually induced an impression that my father's opinions would not bear close inspection, and that the charge of presumption brought against me, was only a feint to shield a tender cause. This was an audacious and unwarrantable conclusion; but it was very flattering to pride, of which, unfortunately, I had much. There was another misfortune in my circumstances. Before my mind was thoroughly imbued with doubt, and poisoned by disgust, Christianity was never presented to me, as a system possessing any magnificence or amplitude of character; as fitted to rouse, exalt, and occupy the powers of the mind; as giving scope to the affections, opening new fields for the exercise of imagination, and while commanding reason to take revelation as its guide, leaving that very reason a wider sphere of action than was otherwise possible to it. The religion I saw, had neither length nor breadth. The grave, the shroud, the dying nature of all around me, death in its multiform, perpetual, ever-present aspect, the reign of grief and evil, the tremendous doom of the wicked, the terrors of an Omniscient Judge—these were the statements continually and arbitrarily pressed on me, with so little reference to any sublime and cheering contrasts, that fear bowed down my spirit; and even in the spring-time of youth, I mourned over my immortality.'

This is but too true a representation of a common case. With the best possible intentions, many parents, in their anxiety to enforce religious duties upon the conscience, fail altogether of conveying a genuine impression of the true nature of religion as 'a tendency to blessedness'—a 'seeking for glory, honour, and immortality.' Children are assured, it may be, in tones, and with looks that seem to belie the assertion, that 'wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness.' But of what use is such doctrine, if Religion is made to assume in their eyes an aspect of gloom, and the whole pathway of life is converted into the valley of the shadow of death? To the harassed and wearied mind of one who has long been conversant with the real cares and sorrows of life, Religion may wear a welcome and winning aspect when viewed as a comforter. The physician is welcomed by the patient. But children neither want comforters, nor like doctors. They are happy in the spring of their faculties, and in the glow and play of their affections. Religion would take them up in her arms of love, and bless them, if her well-meaning votaries would but suffer the children to come to her, and



not forbid them, in consequence of a mistaken conception of her true character.

Scepticism is a morbid state of the reasoning powers, which almost always originates in a decay or blight of the affections. There is such a thing as a natural tendency to scepticism, in persons of dull imagination and deficient sensibility. But it is, in general, an acquired habit, involving a love of uncertainty, as furnishing the apology for indecision or indifference. This is wholly unnatural to the youthful mind, which asks but little evidence to stimulate its active pursuit of all that is true or fair. Doubt is intolerable, when the affections are interested in the result; and slender evidence will often satisfy us on the side of our hopes. But when religion has failed to engage the affections, and to make its claims understood by the heart, the conscience will not be long in devising expedients that may secure itself against disturbance by unwelcome truths. In such cases, however, scepticism, though not on that account the less criminal, is to be viewed and treated as a morbid action of the intellectual faculties, symptomatic, rather than primary; and the only cure for it is that which shall restore the affections to their proper exercise.

We cannot pursue the story, but we must make room for the following beautiful description of Italy and Rome.

"And I too am in Italy!" There were other glorious, and in some respects more attractive, cities for me to visit; but as if with a presentiment that *there* dwelt my fate, my imagination concentrated all Italy in Rome. I traversed the country with the feelings of a boy and an enthusiast. It was the vintage time; the creaking of the wains, slowly dragged along with their luscious loading of grapes, to me seemed musical; and how lovely the wide, shining plains, that realised the Hebraism, and laughed with plenty—the cities, rising through the vaporous air, bright labyrinths of building—"the olive-sandalled Apennine," stretching its dim line afar—the sea, basking on the shore in placid brightness—the air, impregnated with light, harmony, and cheer—the brightest flowers, common as weeds elsewhere—whilst over all hung a sky so blue and beaming, that it seemed to love what it over-canopied—and the sun so majestic in his uprising and in his going down, that fancy might liken him to Deity blessing the land, and by his brightness pronouncing it "very good".—Well did a gifted friend, writing from Italy, observe, "All here is more like fiction than truth." At last I approached Rome; my eye was disappointed, for the campagna is nothing, except to the mind; bare, level, and desolate—without villas, without orchards, bearing no harvest, except of broken columns, shattered entablatures, ruined temples, rent tombs overgrown with ivy.—Nature herself seems to have sunk into the silence and inertness of age, and resigned to man the task of adorning Rome. After a little time I was satisfied that it should be so; the riotous luxuriance of agriculture would only have rendered the campagna more

melancholy, because less in character with the fallen fortunes of the eternal city. Its desolation seemed as natural as that the body should decay when no longer tenanted by an animating soul. It may seem a very school-boy phrase, but I was at home among the remains of old Rome, and the contemplation of them strengthened my mind. The galleries of the Vatican bewildered me; St. Peter's oppressed me with a night-mare of splendour; the paintings and sculpture of modern and ancient art, made delight a pain, by revealing to me the unattainable:—but to sit among the ruins of the palaces of the Cæsars—to stand beneath the shadow of the Coliseum, and see the moon “fill up the gaps of centuries,” so tempered majesty with melancholy, a sense of might with a calm tenderness, that I began to assimilate the people who once assembled there, with my favourites the Greeks, in their old, and for ever past days.

‘The campagna was my delight: for there I could connect feeling with thought, and, in living with the dead, live for and with myself, see visions and dream dreams. There was one quiet retreat that I especially loved, the ruined shrine of the nymph Egeria. In the side of a small hill, bare as the rest of the plain, the ruins of the temple enter, like an artificial grotto, and are partially clothed with foliage. A little murmuring river has its source in the interior of this still recess, and trickles from the urn of a small broken statue of a young river-god. The walls are overgrown with tender plants; and in a hot day, the shade of this cool haunt invites one to sit beside the fountain and repose. Only a little of the walls of Rome are seen; and except the Claudian aqueduct in the distance, a screen of hills on the horizon, and a solitary cottage, nothing diversifies the scene. I used to visit this sweet, but simple, place very frequently, in order to escape from the tumult and throng of the city.’ pp. 227—230.

The Realist is a fine portrait in striking and instructive contrast with the Nonchalant.

‘It is true, Richard Winton had a profound contempt for sentiment, or, to speak more accurately, did not know the meaning of it. He recognized nothing that did not come under the head of duty; and whilst he had, as we have seen, a hidden store of passion and energy that creatures of mere emotion cannot conceive of, it was all consecrated to action, such species of action as his understanding could approve. The encouragements necessary to weaker characters, were troublesome to him; smiles and sympathy pleased him as little as contradiction and reproaches annoyed him. Yet he was not ungentle in his demeanour, not deficient in feeling; his determined perseverance and leonine energy were perfectly quiet; he could love too, but only through his understanding; and let the admission derogate from the interest of his character how it may, he was incapable of being subdued by soul-engrossing tenderness. He was not to be caressed, but one to be esteemed and trusted by his friends—followed and obeyed by his dependents; he was so in his sphere, and would have been so, in an equal measure, had that sphere been a kingdom.’ pp. 273, 4.

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"Young man", said Mr. Winton, "I despise no suffering. The self-inflicted tortures derived from the imagination, are not imaginary — would they were! But I do and will despise the spirit of glorying in them, as proofs of power and signs of superiority, and which, even when awakened to a moral consciousness of their folly and evil, refuses to minister to itself. Sir, men may talk as eloquently as they please concerning ruined minds and broken hearts; but unless there be physical disease, the human being is contemptible, who does not, in some degree, lift himself, or rather, suffer Providence to lift him, out of any state of despondency, however low. Melancholy is totally opposed to greatness, to reason, to religion. No man ever achieved any thing worth talking about, however superior his intellect to begin with, who had not in general a healthy state of spirits, resulting from a hand full of employment, and a head not above it'. You cannot fancy Martin Luther in a fit of sadness because the leaves that are green in spring turn yellow in autumn; nor can you fancy Lord Chatham praying, like one of your favourites, to be a 'a dead leaf', or 'a swift cloud', to fly with the west wind, not for the sake of seeing the world, but in order to be unconscious and passive!"

"Mr. Winton, you are unjust; you do not understand us. People who regard only the surface of things, may be happy: the present, with its passing pageantry, contents them; but those who pierce below that surface —"

"And refuse to pierce the clouds above them", interrupted the determined antagonist, "cannot very well help being lachrymose members of society." pp. 286, 7.

The genius and the strong, masculine sense which these extracts display, will justify the attention we have bestowed upon a volume of *Tales*. We are not partial to this mode of conveying moral and religious instruction; but those who will not listen to discourses, must be taught in parables.

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Art. VII. *The Adventures of Hatim Tai*, a Romance. Translated from the Persian. By Duncan Forbes, A.M. 4to. London, 1830.

THE administrators of the 'Oriental Translation Fund' are proceeding with energy and skill. They have already given to the European public a considerable number of works, varying, of course, in worth and interest, but, in their combination, embodying a mass of information of no little importance to the oriental inquirer. The list of publications in active preparation, promises an extensive and valuable addition to the stores already made accessible; and we shall, probably, put our readers in possession of the complete catalogue, by such brief sketches of the entire series, as may, with very slight trespass on our usual arrangements, shew what has been done in this department by the managers of the liberal and well-applied 'Fund' to which



we are indebted for the very singular composition now before us.

The collection of Eastern tales, known under the title of *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, contains a fair proportion of stories, interesting in themselves and in their circumstances; well constructed in their fable, rich and expressive in their details, fraught with strong and consecutive incident, and by no means deficient in the higher qualities of romantic fiction. Their value as illustrations of oriental manners and modes of thinking, has been universally acknowledged; while the magic and demonology which form the ground-work of some, and the decoration of others, are, in general, skilfully introduced, and powerfully managed. The very excess of these excursions into the regions of wild fancy, is in keeping with the character of the narrative; but they are not often suffered to become excessive: they seldom go beyond just limits, and the fairy-creed of the age and country is always kept in view as supplying the rule and canon of legitimate invention. The same remarks are applicable, though with less of laudatory criticism, to other collections of fictitious narratives popular among the tribes of Asia. But to the 'Romance' now in our hands, a different character must be assigned: it is an affair almost of simple extravagance,—spirited indeed, and occasionally of bold invention, but its prevailing distinction is an incessant striving after the wild and marvellous, without those connecting and qualifying touches which, in the 'Arabian Nights', make the improbable, plausible, and the impossible, attractive. Here are few pictures of Eastern life, or exhibitions of Asiatic character and association, but a series of adventures, rising in wonder and wilderment, until the last difficulties are triumphantly overcome. Such as it is, however, it is exceedingly popular wherever the Persian language is spoken: in India, is usually made a textbook for learners, and the Translator strongly recommends its adoption in this country for that purpose, in preference to the *Gulistan*. Since, then, the adventures of Hatim hold so high a rank in native estimation, and since, if not of distinguished excellence, it is, at least, a curious and rather interesting specimen of Eastern taste and feeling, it may be worth while to furnish a general outline of the fable, and an example or two of the composition.

The hero himself is by no means a fictitious character. Hatim ben Ubaid ben Sa'id, was, towards the close of the sixth century, chief of the Arabian tribe of Taï, inhabiting a district of Yemen, or Arabia Felix. He was, says Meidani, an Arabian author of the twelfth century, 'liberal, brave, wise, and victorious: when he fought, he conquered; when he plundered, he

carried off; when he was asked, he gave; when he shot his arrow, he hit the mark; and whomsoever he took captive, he liberated.' The writers of Arabia are profuse in his praise. His name is a synonym for liberality, and it is usual to compliment a generous person, as the *Hatim of the day*. It is of him that the well-known anecdote is told, that the Emperor of the Greeks, having sent an envoy to obtain a horse of uncommon excellence, the 'generous Arab', who had received no previous intimation respecting the object of the embassy, was so completely without the means of giving it an hospitable reception, as to be actually destitute of materials for a dinner; and in order to prepare a suitable entertainment for his illustrious guest and his attendants, he had no other resource than to cause his favourite horse to be killed and roasted on the occasion. This was accordingly done; and after the feast, the ambassador stated his master's wish. "It is too late", replied Hatim; "the horse has been killed for our repast. When you arrived, I knew not the object of your journey, and I had no other food to offer you." It is the less to be wondered at that he should be thus liberal of his horse-flesh, since the romance describes him as offering, not only his horse, but himself, to a hungry lion, whom he happened one day to encounter in his path. Luckily, the lion was determined not to be outdone in courtesy, and, after sundry bowings and scrapings, and rubbings of the head, marched off to his lair. On another occasion, having begged off a milch doe from the ravening maw of a wolf, the latter very naturally required something by way of substitute, and Hatim 'cut away the flesh from his own thigh', to allay the animal's appetite. This chieftain lived before the time of Mahomed; but his descendants, when about to fall before the Moslem sword, saved themselves by pleading the merits of their great ancestor, and eventually became followers of the prophet.

After an Introduction containing a brief account of the parentage, education, and merits of Hatim, the romance commences with the story of Husn Banu, the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Khorasan. Driven from her home, and stripped of her property, by the villany of a dervise, and the injustice of the king, she retires, with her nurse, to the desert; where she is miraculously directed to the 'treasure of the seven regions', of which she avails herself to build a city, and, ultimately, to undeceive the king, and punish the 'dark-minded dervise.' The main story, or rather the seven enterprises which make up the narrative, turn upon the lady's disinclination to matrimony, and the necessity consequently imposed upon all her suitors, of giving satisfactory answers to the following 'questions' or propositions:—

1. What I saw once, I long for a second time.
2. Do good, and cast it upon the waters.
3. Do no evil: if you do, such shall you meet with.
4. He who speaks the truth, is always tranquil.
5. Let him bring an account of the mountain of Nida.
6. Let him produce a pearl (like that which you possess, being) of the size of a duck's egg.
7. Let him bring an account of the bath of Badgard.

The Prince of Kharzim, Munir, obtains the portrait of Husn Banu, falls deeply in love, and presents himself to the original, who proposes to him the seven enigmas for solution. Munir leaves her in despair. While he is resting under a tree, and shedding 'tears as copiously as the showers of early 'spring', luckily for him, Hatim Taï passes that way, inquires concerning his request, and undertakes to fulfil, in his behalf, the conditions of his courtship. Hatim then visits Shahabad, the city of Husn Banu, has an interview with that lady, and covenants with her, that, in the event of his succeeding, he is to have the power of bestowing her on whomsoever he may please. He sets forth, and learning that the first words propounded are the exclamation of a man who inhabits the desert of Hawaida, goes forward until he encounters the nation of the bears, and is induced to marry the daughter of the bear-king; taking care, however, to ascertain that the lady is of human form and dispositions. After six months are elapsed, he craves leave to proceed on his search, and his wife presents him with a charmed pearl, which gets him subsequently out of many a scrape. He next walks into a dragon's belly, and escapes only to fall into the clutches of a mermaid. A garden of enchantment, tenanted by houries, then receives him; he resists temptation, is stunned by a blow from an apparition, and wakes in the desert of Hawaida. He there meets the man of the exclamation, and finds that he too had been transferred from the garden of beauties to the desert, and that his words express his desire to revisit that enchanted scene, with its lovely nymphs and their fair queen. Hatim enables him to gratify this wish, and then returns to Shahabad.

The second quest proves a more complicated business; for, at the very outset, he involves himself in an adventure which includes no less than three enterprises of no small difficulty, one of which is of considerable interest, and rather tempts us to an extract. Suffice it, however, that he ultimately finds the second phrase in the shape of an inscription on the dwelling of a reclaimed robber, who has obtained the forgiveness and blessing of Heaven, in reward for his benevolence in feeding the fish of a certain river.

In the third adventure, Hatim encounters a mysterious being,



whom he follows for a considerable time, witnessing his fearful doings under the successive forms of a dragon, a serpent, a lion, a beautiful female, a buffalo, and an aged man. In the latter shape, the Arab ventures to question the dreadful visitant, and receives for answer, that he is 'the Angel of Death.' His bearing towards Hatim, however, is mild, and he unfolds the future destiny of the prince, at his urgent entreaty. The Arabian then comes to the desert, where, at first, the heavens and the earth, and every surrounding object are of 'a dark hue', the 'abode of the black serpents.' The next region, of 'brilliant whiteness', belongs to the white serpents. The succeeding tract is green.

'Hatim, unhurt, surmounted a thousand perils and difficulties as he journeyed through the evergreen regions, and at length he arrived in an extensive tract of land, which to him seemed to be all wrapt in flames, and this he knew to be the Red Desert. There every object was red as vermillion, and ere Hatim had advanced many steps, the heat became so intolerable that he almost lost the power of walking.

When he had penetrated as far as the centre of the Red Desert, the fire-breathing serpents espied him, and began to rear their heads and crests aloft like tall trees. From their nostrils issued streams of flame as it were from a furnace, and with tremendous hissing they assailed him on all sides, intending to scorch him to death, and reduce his bones to ashes; but, owing to the charmed muhra of the bear's daughter, the attack of the snakes fell upon Hatim like a current of cool water.'

After other scenes of the same wild cast, he finds the editor of the third exclamation, in the person of an aged man, hung up, in a cage, on the branch of a tree; and learns that he had been deprived of sight and thus encaged, by the power of a gifted sage, whose benefits he had repaid with ingratitude and fraud. Hatim procures the 'flower of light,' and thus, while he solves the riddle of Hasn Banu, gives sight and liberty to the old man of the cage.

While on his journey to the city of Karasm, in pursuit of an answer to the fourth proposition, he finds, gushing from the foot of a mountain, a stream of blood.

'Wearied and disappointed, he at length resumed his journey, and in the course of two days, his attention was drawn to a tree of uncommon size, which towered far above the surrounding objects. He quickly bent his steps towards this stately tree; but when he reached it, what an appalling sight! To every branch of it was suspended a human head; and at the foot of it was a lake of a crimson hue, from which a stream of blood issued in the direction of the desert. Hatim sat down underneath the tree, and viewed with wonder and awe the spectacle before him; when all at once the deadly silence of the place was broken by a peal of laughter from the suspended heads. He started up in

tenfold astonishment, for to him it seemed utterly unaccountable that human heads severed from the body, should still preserve their visible faculties. With no less wonder he saw that the blood constantly flowed into the lake from the opened veins of those heads. In deep reflection he was considering how to unfold this fearful mystery, when his eye was attracted by the head which stood highest on the tree. The moment he beheld the enchanting smile of that angelic countenance, he felt as if his soul would quit its frame, and senseless he fell upon the earth. After some hours his recollection was restored, and he sat up wondering within himself what could have been the cause of so strange an occurrence, and why so many beautiful damsels had been doomed to so cruel a fate.

Hatim was by no means the man to leave this puzzling exhibition until he had obtained the key to the mystery. He found a snug spot on the banks of the sanguine lake, and was adjusting himself for his night's nap, when a strange alteration passed over the scene. When the last gleam of twilight had given place to darkness, the heads dropped into the lake, which was instantaneously transformed into a gorgeous palace with couches of splendid ornament and a throne of gold. A train of beauteous damsels, led by one of transcending beauty, entered the hall, exhibiting to the wondering eye of the Arabian prince, the heads which erst hung on the branches, but now attached to bodies of exquisite form. The song and the dance were succeeded by the feast, and Hatim was invited to partake, but refused without a satisfactory explanation: this is not given, and with the first streak of dawn, the whole apparatus sinks, and the heads spring upwards to their old station. On the following night, Hatim is summoned into the presence of the queen; but when he plunges into the lake to reach the throne, the whole pageant vanishes, and he finds himself in the midst of a dreary waste. Here he wanders in despair until he is met by a benevolent sage, who, after much dissuasion, conveys him to the neighbourhood of the lake and the portentous tree. After the usual routine of difficulties, he climbs to the branch where hangs the head of the queen; but no sooner has he reached it, than his head is divided from the body, and while the latter falls into the lake, the former swings lovingly side by side with the lady. Of course, on the following night, he shares in the general enchantment, though not so far as to regain the recollection of his proper name and condition. Here he would have remained, contented and happy, a head by day, and an enchanted man by night, but that the sage again came to his aid, restored him to self-knowledge, and, finding that his love was not to be conquered, enabled him to pass unharmed through a series of the toughest possible *diableries*, and ultimately to marry his unrivalled Zarinposh.

But we are getting somewhat tired of all this; and, having done enough in the way of citation and description to shew our readers how Persians and Arabians amuse themselves, we shall content ourselves with briefly pointing out the explanation of the remaining 'questions.' The fourth is answered by the history of a man who extricates himself from the consequences of his crimes and errors by simply speaking the truth. The mysteries of the 'Mountain of Nida', refer to the singular manner in which the inhabitants of a neighbouring city are successively summoned to their last home. The 'pearl in size like a duck's egg' is obtained, and the perilous enchantments of the 'Bath of Badgard' are successively encountered. Husn Banu is united to the Prince Munir, and Hatim retires triumphant to his kingdom and his queen.

'Such, the faint echo of departed days,  
Still sound Arabia's legendary lays.'

Such are the tales in which the Arab story-teller delights to revive the memory of the heroes of the 'olden time', and such are the wild imaginations which are in the East, at this very hour, delighting all classes, from the divan of Eastern princes, to the camel-driver of the desert.

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Art. VIII. *An Enquiry into the Doctrines of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, in Eight Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford, in the year 1830. At the Lecture founded by the Rev. John Bampton, M.A. By Henry Soames, M.A. 8vo. pp. xxvii. 478. Oxford, 1830.

**I**T is high time that our brethren of the Establishment should come to some adequate and maintainable conclusion on the subject of tradition. To us, they appear not only to be hampering themselves with multiplied and inextricable difficulties, but to be quite aware of the awkwardness of their situation, without the ability to summon up firmness and decision enough to meet the dilemma in the only effectual way. 'If we mistake not the signs of the times', is the plain language of the learned Bishop of Lincoln, in his *Illustrations of Ecclesiastical History*, 'the period is not far distant, when the whole controversy between the English and Roman churches will be revived, and all the points in dispute again brought under review. Of those points, none is more important than the question respecting Tradition: and it is, therefore, most essential, that they who stand forth as the defenders of the Church of England, should take a correct and rational view of the subject—the view, in short, which was taken by our divines at the Reforma-



'tion.' With all deference to his Lordship, it will never do to put the question upon this issue; and we feel quite sure that so well-informed and liberal a man as Dr. Kaye will, on reflection, feel that this view of the case, however specious, is miserably inadequate to the crisis. We have some suspicion that it would not be very easy to ascertain with sufficient precision, what the real 'views' of those excellent men might be. It is to be remembered, that the English Reformation was a complicated transaction, and that it was mingled with a great deal of state policy, worldly wisdom, and ecclesiastical dictation. There was somewhat less of the bold, broad, uncompromising dealing which distinguished the insurgency of Luther, and somewhat more of the calculating and subservient spirit which savoured of royal interference and of vested interests, than were called for by the exigency of the time. Dread of innovation was strangely mixed up with an honest conviction of the necessity of change; and while the anti-scriptural doctrines of Rome were rejected, too much of her unscriptural ritual was retained. Nor have the successors of those eminent men always met this question with sufficient clearness. Hooker defines 'Traditions' to be—'Ordinances made in the prime of Christian religion, established with that authority which Christ hath left to his church for matters indifferent; and in that consideration requisite to be observed, till like authority see just and reasonable cause to alter them. So that traditions ecclesiastical are not rudely and in gross to be shaken off, because the inventors of them were men.' This is by no means distinctly stated. Restrictedly, it may be liable to but slight objection, but, in its *primâ facie* meaning, it has the cardinal vice of referring the 'ordinances' in question, not to conscience but to authority. Bishop Patrick, again, whose 'Discourse about Tradition', contains much that is excellent and judicious, seems to have a great unwillingness to part from it, when it suits his own purpose. 'True tradition', he affirms, 'is as great a proof against popery, as it is for episcopacy.' All this looks strangely like a disposition to trim and accommodate in a question which, beyond most others, requires to be met firmly and without evasion. It will not do to say, that we will accept just so much of tradition as may suit our own purpose, and then to clamour for the rejection of all the rest. Definite principles must be laid down, and accurate terms employed, before correct conclusions can be established. It matters little comparatively, in what sense Cyprian or Tertullian may have used the phrase *traditio Apostolorum*; but it is of the highest importance to ascertain its just meaning and its legitimate application, in the general discussion.

Without some clear and satisfactory explanation and adjust-

ment in this matter, we should object altogether to the employment of the word, *Tradition*. It has come to imply a state of things altogether different from any thing that could have been contemplated in the apostolic times. The Church of Rome cherishes it wisely, for it is her all: the Church of England clings to it weakly, for it is incompatible with every principle of Reformation. Tradition is to Rome, a last retreat: the defenders of our Establishment are not unwilling to retain it as an occasional shelter. If Tradition imply ought that is authoritative, we cast it from us altogether. If it be offered to us simply as *Evidence* and *Illustration*, we accept it willingly: it becomes an important element in every branch of theological investigation; and we avail ourselves of it as an engine of mortal energy against the very hierarchy which trusts to it as its final resource. Would that it were in our power to make ourselves heard by those towards whom, though differing from them widely on matters of discipline and church-government, we indulge no unfriendly spirit;—we would warn them against what Mr. Soames calls, a 'cautious and discreet opposition to the papal system,' as a miserable compromise with the stern duty which commands us to oppose error and heresy, in whatever forms they may present themselves, and to be vigilant lest we retain the slightest taint of their abominations. Mr. Soames affirms of our 'incomparable Reformers,' that—

'Had they merely stripped Romish doctrines of scriptural authority, and encouraged every speculator to devise a religion for himself, they would, indeed, have provided an opening for admitting a deluge of disputations heresy and illusory fanaticism. They followed, however, with unvarying steadiness, Jeremiah's advice in the text. At every step of their cautious and discreet opposition to the papal system, they sought most anxiously and laboriously for the "old paths." Innovation and destruction were by no means their objects. What they merely desired was, the restoration of England to a creed, for which, in every part, Scripture would supply proofs, and Catholic tradition confirmations.'

We really think that, when they had been fortunate enough to find Scripture *proof*, they might have been satisfied without looking for *confirmations* in tradition. In all this, however, there is a great deal too much taken for granted; and a very slight conversion of the materials would give a totally different aspect to the results. What are we to understand by the intimation plainly given in the foregoing extract, that the free exercise of private judgement is to be controlled by a servile regard to the creeds and rituals of antiquity? Had our Reformers 'encouraged every speculator to devise a religion for himself,' they would, in the opinion of Mr. Soames, have made an opening for 'heres and fanaticism.' Does he mean to say,

that it is either wise or safe for men to commit themselves, in the 'devisal of their religion', into the hands of others? What if their spiritual directors should prove to be *blind guides*, themselves requiring to be turned from the error of their way? Where will Mr. S. find, either in Scripture or common-sense, the slightest support of the doctrine, that any antiquity, short of the highest,—that any authority, short of that which is final,—that any document short of that which is written by the very finger of God, and sealed by the blood itself of the everlasting covenant,—should have the smallest influence on our minds and consciences in the choice of our religion? Will he say that this is a dangerous course, following which in singleness of mind and simplicity of heart, we may stumble upon 'disputations' 'heresy' and be led astray by 'illusory fanaticism?' Let him at least point out the security which fallible men are to derive from a blind sequence of men equally fallible. Will he say that superior learning may afford such security? Alas for learning in matters of faith, when unqualified by a higher than human teaching! He may object to the qualifying terms, *singleness* and *sincerity*, as assuming the question in debate; and he may disavow the exaction of a *blind* reception even of the purest creed; but let him recollect, that, without these qualifications, no examination can be trustworthy, and no discipleship genuine;—that they are necessary in all sorts and stages of religious profession;—that the supposition of their absence leaves the question all abroad, in whatever light we may regard it;—that where these gifts of the Spirit are bestowed, the path will be safe, even with imperfect light;—and that where they do not exist, either as motive or result, it matters little, in a spiritual point of view, whether a man be a partisan of Rome, or of Canterbury.

We owe to the Council of Trent the broad, unqualified assertion, that the Holy Scriptures and unwritten Tradition are of equal authority regarding things pertaining both to faith and discipline. We copy from Bellarmine, as cited by Mr. Soames, the following rules for ascertaining genuine apostolical traditions.

'1. When the universal Church embraces any article of faith which is not found in Scripture. 2. When the universal Church observes any thing, as infant baptism, which is not enjoined in Scripture. 3. When the universal Church has ever maintained any point of discipline, as the fast of Lent, upon which Scripture is silent. 4. When all the Doctors of the Church, either in a general council, or separately, in their several books, teach that any thing has descended by apostolical tradition. 5. Whenever any thing is accounted an apostolical tradition by those churches which have an unbroken and continued succession from the Apostles.'



It must be confessed, that this is as large and convenient a construction as hierarchical ambition can desire. In fact, unnecessary pains have been taken, and this grand engine of ecclesiastical domination might have been safely reduced to the last principle, and set in motion by the simple power of church infallibility. Complication is, however, sometimes convenient in such matters; and when a stubborn controvertist presses too hard upon one point, it may be as well to have evasions in reserve. The *integra et continuata successio* belongs, by Rome's assumption, exclusively to Rome; and thus, possessing the power of determining what tradition is, she may manufacture it to her purpose. And that she has not suffered this her exclusive privilege to lie idle, the 'thirteen articles which papal authority has appended to the Nicene Creed,' may fairly testify. When urged with the manifold difficulties and contradictions which beset their doctrine, it is the invariable practice of the Romanists, to put forward, as an unanswerable argument, the allegation, that the validity and authority of the Scriptures rest on tradition alone; and that by denying its competency, we leave ourselves without testimony to the divine origin and import of Holy Writ. The obvious answer to this empty sophism lies in the rejection of a phrase to which an erroneous acceptance is attached, and the substitution of the intelligible term *evidence*, for the perverted term *tradition*. But, instead of enlarging on the point ourselves, it will, we think, gratify our readers to learn, how it has been discussed by men dwelling in the very focus of controversy, and in the season of its greatest fierceness. The following extract, we translate from a volume which is a great favourite with us, the *Bouclier de la Foi*, written against the Jesuit Arnoux, by Pierre du Moulin. Our edition is the second, revised by the Author, and published in 1619.

'I acknowledge,' says this excellent old writer, 'that every one receives the Holy Scriptures from his national church, whether that church be pure, or impure and heretical. Thus the apostles had received from the priests and scribes, the enemies of Jesus Christ, the books of the Old Testament. Thus, the Nestorian and Eutychian churches give the Scriptures to their disciples. But in this matter, the church, whether pure or impure, performs the office of a witness, and not of a judge. She attests only that these books are sacred and canonical, but neither makes them sacred, nor gives them authority. The tradition of the church, testifying that these books are divine and canonical, is nothing more than a protestation of subjection to the Scriptures, and not a something added in consequence of their imperfection, nor a usurpation of authority over the written word of God. The bookseller

‘ who exhibits to a purchaser the volume which contains the  
 ‘ ordinances of the kingdom, does not give authority to those  
 ‘ ordinances. He who may have pointed out to a stranger, the  
 ‘ person of the king, is not on that account above the king,  
 ‘ neither does he give the king authority. An inferior may give  
 ‘ testimony concerning one greater than himself. And it has,  
 ‘ in fact, often happened, that he who has received the Scripture  
 ‘ through the medium of the church of his country, has, by  
 ‘ means of that very Scripture, corrected and justly convicted of  
 ‘ error, that very church from which he received the Scripture.

‘ It is worthy of consideration here, that, as the Church attests  
 ‘ that these books are the Holy Scriptures, so do the Holy  
 ‘ Scriptures bear witness that there must be a Church in the  
 ‘ world; but with this addition, that they teach what the Church  
 ‘ should be, and dictate its laws. Hence it appears that the  
 ‘ testimony which the Scriptures render to the Church, is far  
 ‘ more weighty than that which the Church renders to the  
 ‘ Scriptures. For the testimony given to the Scriptures by the  
 ‘ Church, is a simple declaration, acknowledging these books as  
 ‘ the word of God, and a protestation of willing obedience:  
 ‘ whereas the testimony which the Scriptures render to the  
 ‘ Church is a rule and a law putting the Church under sub-  
 ‘ jection.’\*

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\* It may be acceptable to some of our readers, if we cite a passage from Chillingworth on this subject. His antagonist had quoted Chrysostom, and he replies with his usual point, proving, not only that the quotation was nothing to the purpose, but that the Church, if, as contended, the divinely appointed guardian of tradition, had been unfaithful to her trust.

‘ Let us see what St. Chrysostom says.—*They (the Apostles) delivered not all things in writing, (who denies it?) but many things also without writing (who doubts of it?) and these also are worthy of belief.* Yes, if we knew what they were. But many things are worthy of belief, which are not necessary to be believed: as, that Julius Cæsar was emperor of Rome, is a thing worthy of belief, being so well testified as it is, but yet it is not necessary to be believed; a man may be saved without it. Those many works which *our Saviour did*, (which St. John supposes, *would not have been contained in a world of books*;) if they had been written, or if God by some other means had preserved the knowledge of them, had been as worthy to be believed, and as necessary, as those that are written. But to shew you how much a more faithful keeper Records are than Report, those few that were written are preserved and believed; those infinitely more that were not written, are all lost and vanished out of the memory of men. And seeing God in his Providence hath not thought fit to preserve the memory of them, he hath freed us from the obligation of believing them: for every obligation ceaseth, when it becomes impossible. Who can doubt but the primitive Christians, to whom the Epistles of the Apostles were writ-

The usual division of Tradition into divine, apostolical, and ecclesiastical, independently of its want of specific meaning, and of its answering no purpose but that of an ostentatious classification, labours under the inherent vice of taking every thing for granted; a defect so frequent in this kind of designation, as to call for more vigilant jealousy than is usually exercised in such affairs. Mr. Soames, after observing, very justly, that this arrangement is, for practical purposes, both insufficient and redundant, proposes one of his own.

‘From a source independent of Scripture are admitted into the Roman Church various articles of faith. All these may be referred to *Dogmatic Tradition*. From universal, unbroken consent, ascending to the remotest periods of ecclesiastical antiquity, Christian societies have received certain records, as a body of canonical Scripture. Will it be deemed allowable to say that, in acting thus, they have followed *Critical Tradition*? From early monuments of theology have been handed down to later ages, modes of reconciling Scripture with Scripture, especially in leading but disputable points. Why may not such interpretations be compendiously described as a body of *Hermeneutical Tradition*? From primitive ages, the Church has derived sundry maxims and usages for the regulation of her polity and of public worship. Her authority for such purposes has been universally known as *Ecclesiastical Tradition*.’

It would be very easy to make objections to this; but, if we must, perforce, have distinctions and classifications in this matter, perhaps this may serve the turn, at least as well as any other that we may have seen. It is on the first of these points, *dogmatic tradition*, that our controversy, as Protestants, with Rome, mainly turns\*. The Romanists affirm that, besides the law of Holy Writ, there is a co-ordinate rule, of which they claim to have both the key and the dispensation; and on this baseless fabrication, their whole system rests. The last of these divisions, *Ecclesiastical Tradition*, includes the chief points at issue between the Establishment and Nonconformists, regard-

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ten, either of themselves understood, or were instructed by the Apostles, touching the sense of the obscure places of them? These traditive interpretations, had they been written and dispersed, as the Scriptures were, had without question been preserved, as the Scriptures are. But to shew how excellent a keeper of the tradition the Church of Rome hath been, or even the Catholic Church; for want of writing they are all lost, nay, were all lost within a few ages after Christ.’

\* On this subject, there are some observations, more ingenious than conclusive, but well worth reading, towards the close of the ‘Introduction’ to Schleiermacher’s ‘Critical Essay on the Gospel of St. Luke.’ We should have given them specific notice, but for the feeling that we have, for the present, said quite enough on the general question.



ing not so much 'the faith itself, as its external profession.' Mr. Soames admits, that, in matters of 'polity and worship,' 'expediency may be permitted to raise her voice.' He would not, we should hope, make this concession without considerable qualification. It may be right, within just limits, to refrain from 'offering violence to the varying aspect of human society;' but it can never be allowable to sacrifice consistency by departing from general principles. If expediency and accommodation to the aspect of society, be once admitted as elements of ecclesiastical discipline, Christianity will, indeed, become the easiest and most fashionable of professions, but its scriptural form will have disappeared. On such grounds did the Romish missionaries rest their defence, when blending the profession of Christianity, with the squib-and-cracker worship and gilt-paper idolatry of the followers of Fo.

The principal object of Mr. Soames's volume is to prove, that the Established Church of England is, and has been from the beginning, independent of Rome: subject indeed to a long usurpation, but pure and unsubjected in its Anglo-Saxon origin; and only recurring to its primary principles, and reconquering its original independence, at the epoch of the Reformation. It is, of course, quite impossible for us to exhibit even a syllabus of the extensive series of citation and comment by which he has endeavoured to make good his position; and we must be contented with making such general observations as the subject may suggest. He has, most certainly, succeeded in shewing, that the doctrines of the Anglo-Saxon Church, as set forth and explained in the works of her best and ablest sons, her Bedes and her Ælfries, were far from harmonizing with the extravagant theology of Rome. At the same time, the rudiments of that exaggerated system were making their appearance; and if the doctrine of the Eucharist were, as yet, not charged with the grosser absurdities of transubstantiation; if the invocation of saints existed, as yet, only in a mitigated form; if the notion of vicarious works were not carried to its utmost licence; and if other disfigurations of pure and primitive Christianity were but in embryo; still, they were there, not, it may be, in their unhallowed grossness, nor in their wild and wasting pretensions, but in their elements and prelibations; menacing, under a more crafty and thorough-going presidency, to bear down all opposition, and to cajole or compel into the Romish pale, all who had not sufficient strength of intellect and character, to detect and to withstand in the evil day.

After all, Mr. Soames has done little more than supply a fresh illustration of the gradual deterioration of Christian doctrine and discipline. The Anglo-Saxon Church, like the other Churches of the time, still retained so much of the purity of Christian faith,

as remained unimpaired by the glosses and traditions of vain or interested men; and so much the more of that purity in proportion to its remoteness from the fountain of error, the seat of the papacy. A closer contact, and the lapse of time, confirmed and increased the tendency to error, inherent in her institutions, until the whole realm became spiritually enslaved. The secret of all this delusion and moral devastation, lay in the misapprehension of the vital character of Christianity—the essential spirituality of Christ's kingdom. The priesthood and the State joined in unhallowed alliance, and made of the pure system of the Gospel, a thing of priestcraft and statecraft. This, we admit, did not exist in its most offensive and injurious form under the Anglo-Saxon hierarchy; but the work was begun; the mystery of iniquity had commenced its operation; and we are far from considering it, with Mr. Soames, a happy circumstance that our excellent Reformers went back so deeply into antiquity as the Anglo-Saxon model,—if indeed they had any such intention. We regret, on the contrary, that they did not go still further back, and adjust their ecclesiastical platform by the oldest and highest of all authorities, the word of God.

'In ecclesiastical polity,' triumphantly exclaims Mr. Soames, 'the Church of England has notoriously been uniform. Before the victorious Saxons, a remnant of ancient British episcopacy retired into the more inaccessible regions of our island. From this venerable establishment, at a happier period, bishops, properly consecrated, were sent to preside over the spacious kingdoms of Northumberland and Mercia, districts evangelized by native missionaries. Augustine naturally planted episcopacy in such quarters of the land as were won over to receive instruction from him and his brethren. Our prelacy thus mounts upwards in one unbroken stream to the remotest periods in our country's annals. Such among us, accordingly, as are called to the high privilege and responsibility of ministering in holy things, have the satisfaction of knowing that our commission has been regularly received. It has been entrusted to us in strict conformity with the usage of every age in ecclesiastical history. It is connected uninterruptedly with that distant and venerable epoch when Apostles "appointed those who should set in order the things that were wanting, and ordain elders in every city."'

Whatever may be thought of the result of all these inquiries, there can be no fair difference of opinion concerning the learning and ability with which the investigation has been conducted. Much sound archaic lore has been brought to bear upon an interesting subject; and the Anglo-Saxon scholar will find a great deal to attract him, independently of success or failure in the main object. The notes and illustrations contain much original reference, and the whole volume may be taken as a valuable, though somewhat partial elucidation of Anglo-Saxon theology. We shall, ere we dismiss the work, make one more extract, ex-

hibiting a fanciful and by no means unpoetical exemplification of the state of the soul after death. It breathes the very spirit of Dante; and though Mr. Soames seems inclined to consider it as a sick man's dream, we are more disposed to consider it as a waking man's invention. The Fursey, of whom it makes mention, was 'eminent as a missionary to East Anglia.

'The spirit of Fursey, during an illness of his, we are told, was once banished from his body from even-tide to cock-crowing. In its absence from the world, it was gratified with a sight of the angelic hosts, and of their heavenly occupations. After an interval of three days, the favoured invalid was again conveyed in spirit beyond the limits of the world, and he then beheld more of celestial joys. His angelic conductors, however, would not allow him to fix his whole attention upon these delightful scenes. They desired him to look downwards, and he saw below him, in the air, four fires blazing at short distances from each other. "What are these?" he asked. "They are the fires," it was replied, "which will consume the world. One is the fire of falsehood, another that of cupidity, the third that of dissension, the fourth that of impiety." Continuing to look upon them, Fursey observed them rapidly increase, until they formed one mighty conflagration. He then, being near the flame, became alarmed. One of the angels, however, desired him to dismiss his apprehensions, as none of these fires would affect him, unless he had contributed to the lighting of it. The object of all the four, it was added, was to examine the works of men; every one's evil qualities involving him in a mass of flame as soon as he entered that particular fire which these miscarriages had helped to kindle. A passage was now made for the visitors through the flames, and Fursey saw many whom he had known on earth; and held with some of them interesting conversations. He saw likewise the demons tormenting their unhappy victims. One of these was thrown at him by the infernal torturers, which, striking him on the shoulder and cheek, burnt both these parts of his body. Fursey recognised in the miserable ghost which had unwillingly inflicted these injuries upon his person, an individual whose garment he had received at the approach of death. One of the angels, observing his uneasiness, seized the burning spirit, and hurled him back again into the fiery gulf. A devil on this exclaimed, "Refuse not now what you received before. You shared this sinner's goods, you ought also to share his punishment." The angel, however, answered, "He took not his goods from covetousness, but with a view to save his soul." Then, turning to Fursey, he said, "What thou kindledst, that burnt in thee. Hadst thou not received the property of this sinner when he died, his punishment would not have left these marks upon thy body." Fursey was then acquainted with much valuable information respecting the treatment of penitents. On his return to the body, he was found to bear marks of the injuries in his cheek and shoulder, which had been inflicted on them by the contact of the burning ghost, and he continued to bear these marks to the day of his death.'

Mr. Soames writes in a sound and scholar-like, though rather stilted style. He tells us, of Latimer and Ridley, that they



‘braved the horrors of a violent and excruciating death, within ‘the *desiccated channel of the once-neighbouring city-fosse.*’ His conversance with our archaical writers might have taught him a more simple and appropriate mode of expression.

## NOTICES.

Art. IX. *Miscellanies*, in two Parts : Prose and Verse. By William Mavor, LL.D. 8vo. pp. 528. Price 15s. Oxford. 1829.

THIS is one of those books with which a Reviewer feels completely at a loss how to deal,—neither good nor bad, free from specific fault, but making no approach to even the semblance of originality ; and one is left to wonder for what earthly purpose the prose or verse has been brought before the satiated public. Evidently the production of an amiable and well-intentioned man, with no particular defects of composition, but with few attractions, distinguished neither by extensive research, by deep reasoning, nor by vigorous disquisition ; the volume before us occupies precisely that dead level of mediocrity, along which it is so irksome to travel. The ‘Prose’ consists of papers written apparently at different periods and for various purposes, but chiefly for the improvement of young people ; an honourable design, but much more efficiently promoted by the admirable ‘Evenings at Home’, and the incomparable writings of Q. Q. Essays, apologues, oriental tales, dialogues, moral and scientific, are mixed up in this copious assemblage, and, had they been published in a less ambitious form, might have proved an acceptable and instructive *olla* for the ‘rising generations.’ In their present shape, brought together in an expensive volume, and encumbered with a formidable appendage of unreadable verse, we have no notion that they can become popular, although they may possibly answer the purpose of gratifying the Author’s circle of friends.

The day is gone by, in which rhymesters obtained celebrity by their readiness in the common-places of poetical composition, and by an average dexterity in the mechanism of versification. Nothing is easier, nothing cheaper, than the rhythmical arrangement of words, lines, and stanzas, duly adjusted and trimmed by the metrical laws in such cases provided and promulgated. The difficulty is, to comprehend how men can, spite of all warning and remonstrance, persist in confounding things so essentially distinct as poetical feeling and metrical arrangement. How, for instance, could Dr. Mavor, whose name, at least, is attached to a popular collection of poetry, possibly dream that the following lines could ever for a single moment pass for any thing but what they are, indifferent prose ?

‘Great King of all that breathes the vital air!  
Regent of vast interminable space!  
The meanest of thy works declares the hand  
That raised their structure and composed their parts,  
To be omnipotent and unconfined ;

While rolling spheres and congregated seas,  
Innumerable systems, and prolific suns  
Can only tell the same. Awake! my soul,  
Awake! and join the chorus of creation.'

And so on, through nearly two hundred lines, quite as good as these. The rest of the 'Verse' is of all varieties, didactic, amatory, humorous, descriptive, in the shape of elegy, ode, epistle, song, and sonnet.—An excellent mezzotint of the Author is prefixed.

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Art. X. *The Alexandrians*; an Egyptian Tale of the Fourth Century. In Two Volumes. f.cap. 8vo. pp. 570. London, 1830.

THERE are few names of purer or brighter fame, than that of Athanasius, although the damnatory clauses of the creed falsely ascribed to his dictation, have attached to his memory an unmerited reputation of intolerance. His unbending firmness in the maintenance of conscientious conviction, and his intrepid defiance of overwhelming hostility in the assertion of truth, are attested by the pregnant phrase—*Athanasius contra mundum*; while the prudence which tempered his courage with a discretion unstained by timidity or concession, is proved by the fact, that he stood in unyielding opposition to four emperors, two, at least, of whom sought his life; and yet contrived to avoid, though frequently and calmly exposing himself to extreme hazards at the call of duty or expediency, either chains or martyrdom. He upheld, well nigh singly, the great doctrine of the Christian faith, and persevered, through all opposition, until he beheld it too firmly rooted in the belief of the Christian world, to be endangered by heathenism, or impaired by heresy.

We cannot think it altogether in good taste, to make such a man the hero of romance, or to mix up his adventures with the details of a love-story, and the vicissitudes of a complicated intrigue. In the volumes before us, he appears in all the active ubiquitarianism of a melo-drama; and his disguises and escapes savour of pantomime. At one time, he blacks his face, and enacts an Ethiopian dealer in curiosities; and at another, wears a 'wig,' not with the episcopal addition of cope and rochet, but as a security against the prying search of his enemies. We must, indeed, confess that the whole ecclesiastical apparatus of these volumes, seems to us both out of place and ill-managed. The exhibitions of St. Antony, with his warnings and denunciations, are simply and unimpressively theatrical; nor does the horn of Tabenna rival in effect, the horn of Roland and Roncesvalles. With these criticisms, however, our censures terminate; for the remaining portions are not deficient in interest, the narrative is pleasing, and the dialogue fairly supported.

The hero of the tale, after Athanasius, is Menodorus, a young Athenian philosopher of high attainments and attractive manners, who repeatedly assists in the escapes of the archbishop, and ultimately becomes a Christian. The loves of Menodorus and Hermione, the intrigues and atrocities of George of Cappadocia, with a number of incidental details and adventures, are interwoven, not unskilfully, with the main story, and form altogether an agreeable fiction.

## ART. XI. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Friends of the Anti-Slavery Cause throughout the United Kingdom are reminded, that the Meeting of Parliament is fixed for the 26th day of October next. It is hoped, and most earnestly requested, that those who intend to unite in imploring the early and utter extinction of Colonial Slavery, will transmit their Petitions to both Houses of Parliament by that day, or as soon after as possible. No needless delay should be allowed to prevent the fulfilment of this sacred duty.

In the press, *The Law of the Sabbath, Religious and Political.* By Josiah Conder.

In a few days will be published, (at the request of the Members of the City of London Medical and Chirurgical Society,) an Address, introductory to a Course of Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Physic, by James Baker, Surgeon, &c.

Mr. Baker is also preparing for the press, a Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Chest.

Early in September will be published, *Select Sermons of Massillon*, translated by the Rev. Rutton Morris. In 1 vol. 8vo.

The Rev. John Kenrick has just completed an Abridgement of his Translation of Zumpt's Latin Grammar, which will shortly be published.

Nearly ready, *The British Herald, or Cabinet of Armorial Bearings of the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time*; with a complete Glossary of Heraldic Terms: to which is prefixed, a History of Heraldry. By Thomas Robson.

In the press, a *Manual of Prayers, in Easy Language, for every Day in the Week.* By the Rev. J. Topham, M.A. F.R.S.L. Rector of St. Andrew and St. Mary Witten, Droitwich.

In the press, *The Poetical Works of the late F. Sayers, M.D.*; to which is prefixed, his *Disquisitions on English Poetry, and English Metres*: and also a *Life*, by W. Taylor, of Norwich.

Mr. Macnish's new Work, *The Philosophy of Sleep*, which was announced for last winter, but unavoidably delayed, is now nearly ready for Publication, and will appear early in October. It will contain disquisitions on every subject connected with Sleep, in a state of health and disease, such as *Dreaming, Nightmare, Somnambulism, Torpor, Sleeplessness, Trance, Reverie, Walking-Dreams, Abstraction, &c.*, together with the medical treatment of diseased Sleep: the whole illustrated by a variety of curious and interesting Cases.



**Gaelic Literature.**—Drs. M'Leod and Dewar's New Gaelic Dictionary, which has been publishing in Monthly Parts by Mr. M'Phun, is now nearly completed. It will not exceed the size of a proper octavo volume, and will consequently supply what has long been much wanted—a good Gaelic Dictionary of portable dimensions.

Mr. Munroe of Cardel has compiled a Selection of the best Gaelic Songs, which are now in the Press, and will appear in the course of a few days.

The Gaelic Journal, conducted by Dr. M'Leod, with the assistance of the most celebrated Celtic Scholars, which has reached its Sixteenth Number, continues to excite much interest in the Highlands. The Gaelic Sermons, under the superintendence of Dr. Dewar, are published Monthly along with the Journal.

Shortly will be published, in one large super-royal 8vo. volume, (Price £1 11s. 6d.) *The British Merchant's Assistant*. By G. Green. This work will comprise: I.—Tables of Simple Interest, at 3, 3½, 4, 4½, and 5 per Cent., calculated from 1 to 365 days—from 1 to 12 months, and from 1 to 14 years, on Amounts from £1 to £20,000. II.—Tables for computing the Premium and Discount on Exchequer Bills and India Bonds; also the Interest on Exchequer Bills, at 1½d. 1¾d. 2d. 2¼d. 2¾d. 3d. 3½d. and 3¾d. per cent. per diem, from 1 to 365 days, on Amounts from £100 to £20,000. III.—Tables for ascertaining the Value of every description of English and Foreign Stock at any given price from 1s. to £100 per cent. on Amounts from 1d. to £20,000. Also, Tables for calculating Brokerage, Commission, Freight and Insurance, at every rate per Cent., &c. &c. Each part of the work is constructed on a more extended scale than any similar Tables hitherto published, and arranged in a novel and perspicuous manner.

In the press, an entirely new edition of *Drew on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul*. Carefully revised and enlarged by the Author. In 1 vol. 8vo.

The first volume of the *Quadrupeds of the Zoological Gardens*, will be ready in a few days.

The *Lyre and the Laurel*, two volumes of the most beautiful Fugitive Poetry of the XIXth Century, will appear in a fortnight.

On the 1st of November will appear, (bound in crimson silk,) *The Winter's Wreath for 1831*, illustrated with 13 Engravings. Among the Contributors are, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Howitt, Miss Jewsbury, the Roscoes, W. B. Chorley, W. H. Harrison, &c.

On the 1st of November will be published, *Le Keepsake Français*, to correspond to the English Keepsake; containing original specimens of the highest order of French Literature, illustrated with 18 splendid Engravings by British Artists.

In a few days will be published, *A Help to the Private and Domestic Reading of the Scriptures*, in which every Chapter in the Bible is explained in its Connection and Chronological Order, with several Brief Essays, Tables, &c. &c. By J. Leifchild. Second Edition, considerably enlarged and improved.

Just ready, a *Defence of the Surinam Negro-English Version of the New Testament*, comprising a History of that Version, a Sketch of the Position and History of Surinam, and a Grammatical and Philological Analysis of the Language and Version. By William Greenfield, Superintendent of the Editorial Department of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The Rev. Mr. Evans has a volume in the press, on the formation and character of a Christian Family, entitled *The Rectory of Valehead*.

*The Arrow and the Rose*, with other Poems. By William Kennedy, Author of *Fitful Fancies*, &c., will appear about the end of October.

Robert Dawson, Esq., late chief agent of the Australian Agricultural Company, has a volume in the press, on *Australia and Emigration*; containing a minute account of the Manners, Customs, and Natural Dispositions of the Aboriginal Inhabitants, as they exist in their Native Forests, and the progressive effects of European Society upon their Morals and Condition; with description of Australian Forest Scenery, and Practical Remarks upon the Climate, Soil, and Capacities of the Country; being the result of his three years' Residence in Australia.

*Lays from the East*, a collection of Poems, by Captain Calder Campbell, of the Madras Army, will appear early in November.

Mr. Logan's work on the Celtic Manners of the Highlands, and Highlanders, and on the National Peculiarities of Scotland, is nearly ready for publication.

*Friendship's Offering*, for 1831, will appear at the usual period of the season, in its improved style of elegant binding, and with other attractive claims on public attention.

The proprietors of *Friendship's Offering* are also preparing a *Comic Offering*, illustrated by a great variety of comic designs, the whole under the superintendence of Miss L. H. Sheridan, and intended for the Ladies, to whom the work is inscribed. It will be elegantly bound in morocco, uniquely embossed and gilt.

Mrs. J. S. Prowse has a volume of *Miscellaneous Poems* in the press, to be published early in October.

A *Popular Treatise on the Nature and Cure of Consumption*, by James Kennedy, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, will appear in November.

In the press, in 3 vols., *The Temple of Melekartha*.

Preparing for publication, *Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty*, including the Constitutional and Ecclesiastical History of England from the decease of Elizabeth to the abdication of James the Second. By Robert Vaughan, Author of "*The Life and Opinions of Wycliffe*". In composing the above work, the Writer has given a careful attention to the most authentic sources of information; and his endeavour has been to separate the story of our liberties and religion, under the Stuart Princes, from the partial colouring frequently bestowed upon it, and to place it within a space that may be inviting to the general reader.

Nearly ready, the Sixth Edition of the *Cabinet Lawyer*; or, a Popular Digest of the Laws of England: with a Dictionary of Law Terms, Maxims, Acts of Parliament, and Judicial Antiquities; correct Tables of Assessed Taxes, Stamp Duties, Excise Licences, and Post Horse Duties; Post Office Regulations, Rates of Portage, Turnpike Laws, Corn Laws, Prison Regulations, &c.: presenting a clear and complete Exposition of the whole Civil, Criminal, and Constitutional Law of England as now administered. Revised and enlarged, in one vol. 18mo., and comprising the new Acts of the 11 Geo. IV. and 1 Will. IV., and Legal Decisions to the Summer Assizes.

## ART. XII. WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

### BIOGRAPHY.

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*Patience in Tribulation. A short Memoir of E—— E——, a humble-minded Christian.* 12mo. 3s. 6d.

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*Sermons, preached at the Parish Church of Beckenham, Kent. By the Rev. Joseph Fenn, late Curate of Beckenham. Published by request.* 8vo. 9s.

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